



The converted Curtezan

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Hearse, Scushins and Garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebarzi, Duke of Millan, Castruchio, Sinezi. Pioratto Fluello, and others at an other doore. Enter Hipolito in discontented apparance: Matheo a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.

Duke Witt. Jernis.

BEhold, yon Commet shewes his head againe;
Twice hath he thus at crosse-turnes throwne on vs
Prodigious looks: Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turnde wilde;
Go on in Gods name.

All On afore there ho.

Duke Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides
Your weapons to keepe backe the desprate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito I pry thee deere *Matheo*.

Matheo Come, y'are mad.

Hip: I do arest thee murderer: set downe.
Villaines set downe that sorrow, tis all mine.

Duke I do beseech you all, for my bloods sake
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Ioine in confederacie with your weapons points;
If he proceede to vexe vs, let your swordes
Seeke out his bowells: funerall grieve loathes words.

All Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat: O my Lord?

Y'are wrong: i th open streete? you see shees dead.

Hip: I know shee is not dead.

Duke Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleeeve these gentlemen? pray speake:

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Thou doost abuse my childe, and mockst the teares
That heere are shed for her: If to behold
Those roses withered, that set out her cheekes:
That paire of starres that gave her body light,
Darkned, and dim for ever: All those rivers
That fed her veines with warme and crimson streames,
Frozen and dried vp: If these be signes of death,
Then is she dead. Thou vnreligious youth,
Art not ashamed to emptie all these eyes
Of funerall teares, (a debt due to the dead,)
As mirth is to the living: Sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee? harke, thou art curst
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke. What wouldst thou have? is she not dead?

Hip. Oh, you ha killd her by your crueltie.

Duke. Admit I had, thou killst her now againe;
And art more savage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kisse her pale and bloodlesse lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me looke on her.

Math. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour! smoake.

Math. Or if you lov'de hir living, spare her now.

Duke. I, well done sir, you play the gentleman:
Steale hence: tis nobly done: away: Ile ioyne

My force to yours, to stop this violent torment:

Pass on.

Exeunt with funerall.

Hip. *Mathee*, thou doost wound me more.

Math. I give you phisicke noble friend, not wounds,

Duke. Oh well said, well done, a true gentleman:

Alacke, I know the sea of lovers rage

Comes rushing with so strong a tide: it beates

And beares downe all respects of life, of honour,

Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke. Na, na, be but patient:

For why deaths hand hath sued a strict divorce

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Twixt her and thee: whats beautie but a coarſe?
What but faire ſand-duſt are earths pureſt formes:
Queenes bodies are but trunckes to put in wormes.

Matheo Speake no more ſentences, my good lord, but ſlip hence; you ſee they are but ſits, ile rule him I warrant ye. I, ſo, treade gingerly, your Grace is heere ſomewhat too long already. Sbloud the jeaſt were now, if having rane ſome knockes o'th pate already, he ſhould get looſe againe, and like a madde Oxe, toſſe my new blacke cloakes into the kennell. I muſt humour his lordſhip: my lord *Hipolito*, is it in your ſtomacke to goe to dinner?

Hipolito Where is the body?

Matheo The body, as the Duke ſpake very wiſely, is gone to be wormd.

Hipolito I cannot reſt, ile meete it at next turne.
Ile ſee how my love lookes,

Matheo *Matheo holds him in his armes*
How your love lookes? worſe than a ſcarre-crowe,
wraſtle not with me: the great fellow gives the fall for a duckat.

Hipolito I ſhall forget my ſelfe.

Matheo Pray do ſo, leave your ſelfe behinde your ſelfe, and go whither you will. Stoote, doe you long to have baſe roags that maintaine a ſaint *Anthonies* fire in their noſes (by nothing but two peny Ale) make ballads of you? if the Duke had but ſo much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he woud ha beene a vext thing: he and his traine had blowne you vp, but that their powder haz taken the wet of cowards: youle bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow em, and then wee ſhall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have Surgeons roll thee vp like a babie in ſwadling clowts.

Hipolito What day is to day, *Matheo*?

Matheo Yea mary, this is an eaſie queſtion: why to day is, let me ſee, thurſeday.

Hipolito Oh, thurſeday.

Matheo Heeres a coile for a dead commoditie, ſfoote women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you ſhall have one woman lie vpon many mens hands.

Hipolito Shee died on monday then.

Matheo And thats the moſt villainous day of all the weeke to die in: and ſhe was wel, and ate a meſſe of water-grewel on

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monday morning.

Hipolito I, it cannot be,
Such a bright taper should burne out so soone.

Matheo O yes my Lord, so soone: why I ha knowne them,
that at dinner have bin aswell, and had so much health, that they
were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clocke have bin found
dead drunke.

Hipolito On thurseday buried and on monday died,
Quicke haste birlady: sure her winding sheete
Was laide out fore her bodie, and the wormes
That now must feast with her, were even bespoken,
And solemnely invited like strange guests.

Matheo Strange feeders they are indeede my lord, and like
your jeaster or yong Courtier, will enter vpon any mans tren-
cher without bidding.

Hipolito Curst be that day for ever that robd her
Of breath, and me of blisse, hencefoorth let it stand
Within the Wizardes booke (the kalendar)
Markt with a marginall finger, to be chosen
By theeves, by villaines, and blacke murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.

If hencefoorth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with childe with treason, sacrilege,
Atheisme, rapes, treacherous friendship, periurie,
Slaunder, (the beggars sinne) lies, (sinne of fooles)
Or anie other damnd impieties,
On Monday let em be delivered:

I sweare to thee *Matheo*, by my soule,
Heereafter weekly on that day ile glew
Mine eie-lids downe, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheeke. And being lockt vp
In my close chamber, there ile meditate
On nothing but my *Infelices* end,
Or on a dead mans scull drawe out mine owne.

Matheo Youle doe all these good workes now every mon-
day, because it is so bad: but I hope vppon tuesday morning I
shall take you with a wench.

Hipolito If ever whilst fraile bloud through my veins runne,

On

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On womans beames I throw affection,
Save her thats dead : or that I loofely flie
To'th shoare of any other wafting eie,
Let me not prosper heaven. I will be true,
Even to her dust and ashes: could her tombe
Stand whilst I livde, so long that it might rot,
That should fall downe, but she be ne're forgot.

Mathao If you have this strange monster, Honestie, in
your belly, why so lig-makers and chroniclers shall picke som-
thing out of you : but and I smell not you and a bawdy house
out within these tenne daies, let my nose be as bigge as an En-
glish bag-pudding: Ile followe your lordship, though it be to
the place aforenamed.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fustigo in some fantastike Sea-suite at one
doore, a Porter meets him at another.*

Fust. How now porter, will she come?

Porter If I may trust a woman sir, she will come.

Fust. Theres for thy paines, godamercy, if ever I stand in
neede of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou
shalt earne my mony before anie *Clarissimo* in Millane; yet so
god sa mee shees mine owne sister body and soule, as I am a
christian Gentleman; farewell, ile ponder till shee come: thou
hast bin no bawde in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter No matter if I had sir, better men than Porters are
bawdes.

Fust. O God sir, manie that have borne offices. But Por-
ter, art sure thou wentst into a true house?

Porter I thinke so, for I met with no thieves.

Fust. Nay but arte sure it was my sister *Viola*.

Porter I am sure by all superscriptions it was the partie you

Fust. Not very tall. (ciphred.)

Porter Nor very lowe, a midling woman.

Fust. Twas she faith, twas she, a prettie plumpe cheeke like

Porter At a blush, a little very much like you (mine.)

Fust. Gods so, I woud not for a duckat she had kickt vp hir
heelles, for I ha spent an abomination this voyage, marie I
did it amongst sailers and gentlemen: theres a little modicum
more

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more porter for making thee stay, farewell honest porter.

Porter I am in your debt sir, God preserve you. *Exit.*

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not so neither, good porter, gods lid, yonder she comes. Sister *Viola*, I am glad to see you stirring: its newes to have mee heere, ist not sister?

Viola Yes trust me: I wondred who should be so bolde to find for me, you are welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fu. Troth sister I heard you were married to a verie rich chuffe, and I was very sorie for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me send: for you know wee *Millaners* love to strut vpon Spanish leather. And how does all our friends?

Viola Very well; you ha travelled enough now, I trowe, to sowe your wilde oates.

Fu. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate to throw at a horse, troth sister I ha sowde my oates, and reapt 200. duckats if I had em, heere, mary I must inreate you to lend me some thirty or forty till the ship come, by this hand ile discharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola These are your olde oaths.

Fu. Why sister, doe you thinke ile forswear my hand?

Viola Well, well, you shall have them: put your selfe into better fashion, because I must imploy you in a serious matter.

Fu. Ile sweate like a horse if I like the matter.

Viola You ha cast off all your olde swaggering humours.

Fu. I had not sailde a league in that great fish-pond (the sea) but I cast vp my very gall.

Viola I am the more fory, for I must imploy a true swaggerer.

Fu. Nay by this yron sister, they shall finde I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire once into me.

Viola Then lend me your eares.

Fu. Mine eares are yours deere sister.

Viola I am married to a man that haz wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fu. A linnen Draper I was tolde sister.

Viola Very true, is a grave Cittizen; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband: but hee res the spite, hee haz not

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not all things belonging to a man.

Fust: Gods my life, hees a very mandrake, or else (God blesse vs,) one a these whiblins, and thats worse, and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body sifter, are bastards by a statute.

Viol. O you runne over me too fast brother; I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else, save onely in this, no tempest can move him.

Fust. Slid, would he had beene at sea with vs, hee should ha beene movde and movde agen, for He be swornela, our drunken ship reeld like a Dutchman.

Viola No losse of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance fowre, the stubbornnes of no servant shake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Dove, no more sting than an Ant: Musitian will he never bee, (yet I finde much musicke in him,) but he loves no frets, and is so free from anger, that many times I am readie to bite off my tongue, because it wants that vertue which all womens tongues have (to anger their husbands:) Brother, mine can by no thunder turne him into a sharpenes.

Fust. Belike his blood sifter, is well brewd then.

Viola I protest to thee *Fustigo*, I love him most affectionately, but I know not ——— I ha such a tickling with in mee ——— such a strange longing; nay, verilie I doo long.

Fustigo Then y'are with childe sifter; by all signes and tokens; nay, I am partly a Phisitian, and partly something else: I ha read *Albertus Magnus*, and *Aristotles* emblemes.

Viola Y'are wide ath bow hand still brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eate vp a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may sticke about his lips like a flemish mustacho, and be shot at mee: I shall be leaner then the new Moone, vnlesse I can make him horne mad.

Fust: Sfoote halfe a quarter of an houre does that: make him a cuckold.

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Wife: Puh, he would count such a cut no vnkindenes.

Fust: The honestest Cittizen he; then make him drunke and cut off his beard.

Wife: Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no French-man to fret at the losse of a little scalde haire. No brother, thus it shal be, you must be secret.

Fu: As your Mid-wife I protest sifter, or a Barber-surgeon.

Wife: Repaire to the *Tortois* heere in S. *Christophers* streete, I will send you mony; turne your selfe into a brave man; instead of the armes of your mistris, let your sword and your militarie scarfe hang about your necke.

Fust: I must have a great Horse-mans French feather too sifter.

Wife: O, by any meanes to shew your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcombe: to be brieft, you must bee in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fust: Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Wife: Resort then to our shop, & (in my husbands presence) kisse me, snatch rings, jewells, or any thing, so you give it backe agen brother in secret.

Fust: By this hand sifter.

Wife: Swear as if you came but new from knight-ing.

Fust: Nay, ile swear after 400. a yeare.

Wife: Swagger worse then a Lievetenant among fresh water souldiers, call me your love, your yngle, your coosen, or so; but sifter at no hand.

Fust: No, no, it shall be coosen, or rather cuz, thats the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wives and their mad-caps, that man em to the garden; to call you one a my naunts sifter, were as good as call you arrant whoore: no, no, let me alone to coosen you rarely.

Wife: H'az heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fust: The best in *Millan* I warrant.

Wife: Take vp wares, but pay nothing, rifle my bosome, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for mony to dice with all; but brother, you must give all backe agen in secret.

Fustigo

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Fustigo By this welkin that heere roares I will, or else let mee never know what a secret is: why sister do you thinke Ile cunni-catch you, when you are my coosen, Gods my life, then I were a starke Assle; if I fret not his guts, begge me for a foole.

Wife Be circumspect, and do so then, farewell.

Fust: The *Tortoys* sister! Ile stay there; fortie duckats. *Exit.*

Wife Thither Ile send: this law, can none deny,
Women must have their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedict, two servants.

Duke Give charge that none do enter, locke the doores;
And fellowes, what your eies and eares receave,
Vpon your lives trust not the gadding aire:
To carrie the least part of it, the glasse, the houre-glasse,

Doctor Heere my Lord.

Duke Ah, tis meere spent.
But *Doctor Benedict*, does your Art speake truth?
Art sure the soporiferous streame will ebbe,
And leave the Christall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at first,) iust at the houre?

Doctor Iust at the houre my Lord.

Duke Vncurtaine her.
Softly, see *Doctor* what a coldish heate
Spreades over all her bodie.

Doctor Now it workes:
The vitall spirits that by a sleepeie charme
Were bound vp fast and threw an icie rust
On her exterior parts, now gin to breake:
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke Some stooles, you calld
For musicke, did you not? Oh ho, it speakes,
It speakes, watch sirs her waking, note those sands,
Doctor sit downe: A Dukedome that should wey
Mine owne downe twice, being put into one scale,
And that fond desperate boy *Hipolito*,
Making the weight vp, should not (at my hands)
Buy her i'th tother, were her state more light
Than hers, who makes a dowrie vp with almes.

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Doctor Ile starve her on the Appenine
Ere he shall marry her: I must confesse,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man;
Did not mine enemies blood boile in his veines,
Whom I would court to be my sonne in law?
But Princes whose high spleenes for empery swell,
Are not with easie Arte made paralell.

2 Ser. She wakes my Lord, *Duke* Looke Doctor *Benedict*.
I charge you on your lives maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my selfe averre,
For you shall beare her hence, to *Bergamo*.

Inf: Oh God, what fearefull dreames?

Doctor Lady. *Inf*: Ha.

Duke Gidle.

Why *Infelica*, how ist now, ha, speake?

Inf: I'me well, what makes this Doctor heere? I'me well.

Duke Thou wert not so even now, sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting;
And when a cup crownde with thy lovers health
Had toucht thy lips, a senceible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To see such beautie alter.

Inf: I remember
I sate at banquet, but felt no such change.

Duke Thou hast forgot then how a messenger
Came wildely in with this vnfavorie newes,
That he was dead.

Inf: What messenger? whoes dead?

Duke *Hipolito*, alacke, wring not thy hands.

Inf: I saw no messenger, heard no such newes.

Doctor Trust me you did sweete Lady.

Duke Layou now. 2 Ser. Yes indeede Madam,

Duke Layou now, tis well good knaves.

Inf: You ha slaine him, and now you'le murder me.

Duke Good *Infelica* vex not thus thy selfe,
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen vp.

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Inf. It is vntrue,
Tis most vntrue, O most vnnaturall father!

Duke And we had much to do by Arts best cunning,
To fetch life backe againe.

Doctor Most certaine Lady.

Duke Why la you now, you'le not beleewe me, friends,
Sweate we not all? had we not much to do?

2 *Serv.* Yes indeede my Lord, much.

Duke Death drew such fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* alive agen,

I'de kneele and woo the noble gentleman]

To be thy husband: now I fore repent

My sharpenes to him, and his family;

Nay, do not weepe for him, we all must die:

Doctor, this place where she so oft hath scene

His lively presence, hnrts her, does it not?

Doctor Doubtlesse my Lord it does.

Duke It does, it does:

Therefore sweete girle thou shalt to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Even where you will, in any place theres woe.

Duke A coach is readie, *Bergamo* doth stand

In a most wholesome aire, sweete walkes, theres diere,

I, thou shalt hunt and send vs venison,

Which like some goddesse in the *Ciprian* groves,

Thine owne faire hand shall strike; firs, you shall teach her

To stand, and how to shoote, I, she shall hunt:

Cast off this sorrrow. In girle, and prepare

This night to ride away to *Bergamo*.

Inf. O most unhappie maide. *Exit.*

Duke Follow her close.

No words that she was buried on your lives,

Or that her ghost walkes now after shees dead;

Ile hang you if you name a funerall.

1 *Ser.* Ile speake Greeke my Lord, ere I speake that deadly word. (*Exeunt.*)

2 *Ser.* And I'e speake Welch, which is harder then Greeke.

Duke Away, looke to her; *Doctor Benedikt*,

Did you observe how her complexion alt ed

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Vpon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor It may my Lord.

Duke May? how? I wish his death.

Doctor And you way have your wish; say but the word,

• And tis a strong Spell to rip vp his grave:

I have good knowledge with *Hipolito*;

He calls me friend, ile creepe into his bosome,

• And sting him there to death; poison can doo't.

Duke Performe it; ile create thee halfe mine heire.

Doctor It shall be done, although the fact be fowle.

Duke Greatnes hides sin, the guilt vpon my soule. *Exeunt.*

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cast: Signior *Pioratto*, signior *Fluello*, shalls be merrie shalls play the wags now?

Flu: I, any thing that may beget the childe of laughter.

Cast: Truth I have a prettie sportive conceit new crept into my braine, will move excellent mirth.

Pio: Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the sceane of mirth

Cast. At signior *Candidoes* house, the patient man; nay, the monstrous patient man; they say his blood is immoveable, that he haz taken all patience from a man, and all constancie from a woman.

Flu: That makes so many whores nowadaies,

Cast: I, and so many knaves too.

Pio: Well sir,

Cast: To conclude, the report goes, hee's so milde, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeede can move him: now do but thinke what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as madde as an English cuckolde.

Flu. O, t'were admirable mirth, that: but how wilt be done signior?

Cast: Let me alone, I have a tricke, a conceit, a thing, a devise will sting him yfaith, if he have but a thimble full of blood in's belly, or a spleene not so big as a taverne token.

Pio: Thou stirre him? thou moove him? thou anger him? alas, I know his approoved temper: thou vexe him? why hee haz a patience abpye mans injuries: thou maist sooner raise a spleene

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spleene in an Angell, than rough humour in him: why ile give you instance for it. This wonderfully temperd signior *Candido* vpon a time invited home to his house certaine Neapolitane lords of curious taste, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheere fitting for such honourable trencher-men. She (just of a womans nature, covetous to try the vttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the starte of his humour,) willingly neglected the preparation, and became vnfurnisht, not onely of daintie, but of ordinarie dishes. He (according to the mildenesse of his breast,) entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time (as much as a Citizen might do:) To conclude, they were hungry lordes, for there came no meate in; their stomacks were plainly gulld, and their teeth deluded, and (if auger could have seized a man,) there was matter enough yfaith to vex any Citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu: I, ile swear for t'stoote, had it beene my case, I should ha plaide mad trickes with my wife and family: first I would ha spitted the men, stewd the maides, and bak't the mistresse, and so served them in.

Pio: Why t'would ha tempted any blood but his,
And thou to vex him? thou to anger him.
With some poore shallow jest?

Cast: Sblood signior *Pioratto*, (you that disparage my conceit,) ile wage a hundred duckats vppon the head on't, that it mooves him, frets him, and galles him.

Pia: Done, tis a lay, ioyne gells on't: witnes signior *Fluella*.

Cast: Witnes, tis done:

Come, follow me; the house is not farre off,
Ile thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred duckats by one jest.

Exeunt.

*Enter Candidoes wife, George, and two prentises
in the shoppe.*

Wife Come, you put vp your wares in good order heere, do you not thinke you? one peece cast this way, another that way, you had neede have a patient master indeede.

Georges

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George I, ile be sworne, for we have a curst mistris.

Wife You mumble. do you mumble? I would your maister or I could bee a note more angry : for two patient folkes in a house, spoile all the servants that ever shall come vnder them.

I Prentise You patient! I, so is the diuell when he is horne madde.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three Gentlemen, what do you lacke? what ist you buye? See fine hollands, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George What ist you lacke?

2 Pren. What ist you buye?

Cast. Wheres signior *Candido* thy master? (presently.

George Faith signior hees a little negotiated, hee le appeare

Cast. Fellow, lets see a lawne, a choise one sirra.

George The best in all *Millan* Gentlemen, and this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine calicoes too for doublets, the onely sweete fashion now, most delicate and courly, a meeke gentle callico, cut vpon two double affable taffataes, ah, most neate, feate, and vnmatchable.

Flu. A notable-voluble tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Cast. What, and is this she saist thou?

George I, and the purest she that ever you fingerd since you were a gentleman: looke how even she is, looke how cleane she is, ha, as even as the brow of *Cynthia*, and as cleane as your sons, and heires when they ha spent all.

Cast. Puh, thou talkst, pox on't tis rough.

George How? is she rough? but if you bid pox on't sir, t'will take away the roughnes presently.

Flu. Ha signior; haz he fitted your French curse?

George Looke you Gentleman, heeres another, compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

Cast. Puh, I ha scene better, and as you terme them, eyener and cleaner.

George

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CARTIZAN.

Geo. You may see further for your minde, but tru st me
you shall not finde better for your bodie. *Enter Candido.*

Cast. O heere he comes, lets make as tho we passe:
Come, come, weele try in some other shop.

Can. How now? what's the matter?

Geo. The gentlemen finde fault with this lawne, fall out
with it, and without a cause too.

Can. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let em passe away,

Ah, may I craue a word with you gentlemen?

Flu. He calls vs.

Cast. Makes the better for the iest.

Can. I pray come neare, y'are very welcome gallants,
Pray pardon my mans rudenes, for I feare me
H'as talkt aboue a prentise with you, — Lawnes!
Looke you kinde gentlemen, — this! no: — I this:
Take this vpon my honest-dealing faith,
To be a true weaue, not too hard, nor slacke,
But euen as farre from falshood, as from blacke.

Cast. Well, how do you rate it?

Can. Very conscionable, 18. a yard.

Cast. That's too deare: how many yards does the whole
piece containe thinke you?

Cand. Why some 17, yards I thinke, or there abouts:
How much would serue your tutne, I pray?

Cast. Why let me see, — would it were better too.

Cand. Truth, tis the best in *Millan* at few words.

Cast. Well: let me haue then a whole penny-worth.

Cand. Ha, ha, y'are a merrie gentleman,

Cast. A pennorth I say.

Cand. Of lawne!

Cast. Of lawne? / of lawne, a pennorth, sblood doost not
heare? a whole pennorth, are you deafe?

Cand. Deafe? no Syr: but I must tell you,
Our wares do seldome meete such customers.

Cast. Nay, and you and your lawnes bee so squemish,
Fare you well.

Cand. Pray stay, a word, pray Signior for what purpose
is it I beseech you?

THE CONVERTED

Cast. Sblood, whats that to you? He haue a penny-worth.

Can. A penny-worth! why you shall: He serue you pre-

2. *Pren.* Sfoot, a penny-worth mistris! (sently.

Mist. A penny-worth! call you these gentlemen?

Cast. No, no, not there.

Can. What then kinde gentlemen, what at this corner

Cast. No nor there neither: (heere?

He haue it iust in the middle, or else not.

Can. Iust in the middle:—ha-you shall too: what?

Haue you a single pennie?

Cast. Yes, heeres one. *Can.* Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An exlent followed iest.

Wife. What will he spoile the lawne now?

Cand. Patience good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a foole of you: Gentlemen, you might ha found found some other Cittizen to haue made a kinde gull on, besides my husband.

Can. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman, Do not regard her language.—O kinde soule: Such words will driue away my customers.

Wif. Customers with a murren: call you these customers?

Can. Patience, good wife. *Wife.* Pax a your patience.

Geor. Sfoot mistresse, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, theres your ware, I thanke you, I haue your mony: heere, pray know my shop, let me

Wife. Custome puoth a. (haue your custome.

Can. Let me take more of your mony.

Wife. You had neede so.

Pio. Harke in thine eare, tha'lt lost a hundred duckets.

Cast. Well, well, I know't: ist possible that *Homo* Should be nor man, nor woman: not once mou'd: No not at such an iniurie, not at all! Sure hees a pigeon, for he haz no gall.

Fal. Come, come, y'are angry tho you smother it: Y'are vext yfaith,—confesse. *Can.* Why Gentlemen, Should you conceit me to be vext or mou'd? He has my ware, I haue his money fort, And thats no Argument I am angry: no, The

6501a
CVR TIZAN.

The best Logitian can not proue me so.

Flu. oh, but the hatefull name of a pennyworth of lawne,
And then cut out ith middle of the peece:

Pah, I guesse it by my selfe, twould moue a Lambe
Were he a Lynnen-draper -twould ifaith.

Can. Well, giue me leaue to answere you for that,
We are set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies: -offend none:
We get by many, if we leese by one,
May be his minde stood to no more then that,
A penworth serues him, and mongst trades tis
Deny a pennorth, it may crosse a pound. (found,
Oh, he that meanes to thriue with patient eye,
Must please the diuell, if he come to buy.

Flu. O wondrous man, patient, boue wrong or wo,
How blest were men, if women could be so.

Can. And to expresse how well my brest is pleasde,
And satisfied in all: -*George*, fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
He drinke vnto that Gentleman, who lately
Bestowed his mony with me. *Wife.* Gods my life,
We shall haue all our gaines drunke out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawne. *Enter Georg.*

Can. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.

Wife. I begin to him. *Can.* *George*, fillt vp againe:
Twas my fault, my hand shooke. *Exit George.*

Pio. How strangely this doth shoue?
A patient man linkt with a waspish shrowe.

Flu. A siluer and gilt beaker: I haue a tricke
To worke vpon that beaker, sure twil fret him,
It cannot choose but yexe him, *Seig. Castruchio*,
In pittie to thee, I haue a cōceit,
Wil saue thy 100. Duckets yet, twil doot,
And worke him to impatience.

Cast. Sweet *Finello*, I should be bountiful to that conceit.

Flu. Well tis enough. *Enter George.*

Can. Here Gentleman to you,
I wish your custome, yare exceeding welcome.

Cast. I pledge you *Seig. Candido*, eere to you, that must re-
ceiue a 100. Duccats.

THE CONVERTED

Pior. Ile pledge them deepe yfaith *Castruchio*,
Signior Fluello.

Flu. Come play'r off: to me, I am your last man.

Cand. George, supply the cup.

Flu. So, so, good honest George,

Heere Signior *Candido*, all this to you.

Cand. Oh you must pardon me, I vse it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that:

Great loue is showne in little.

Flu. Blurt on your sentences, -Sfoote you shall pledge mee all.

Cand. Indeede I shall not.

Flu. Not pledge mee? Sblood Ile carry away the beaker then.

Cand. The beaker! Oh! that at your pleasure sir.

Flu. Now by this drinke I will.

Cast. Pledge him, hee'le do't else.

Ful. So, I ha done you right, on my thumbe naile,

V What will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me sir, I am not of that sin.

Flu. Why then farewell

Ile beare away the beaker by this light.

Cand. Thats as you please, tis very good.

Flu. Nay it doth please me, and as you say tis a very good
Farewell Signior *Candido*. (one)

Pio. Farewell *Candido*.

Cand. Yare welcome gentlemen.

Cast. Heart not mou'd yet?

I thinke his patience is aboue your wit.

Exeunt.

Geor. I tolde you before mistresse, they were all cheaters.

Wife. Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope you will not let'em sneake away so with a siluer and gilt beaker, the best in the house too: goe fellowes make hue and crie after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue be still, all will be well:
Come hither George, hie to the Constable,
And in all calme order wish him to attach them;

Make

6501a
CVRTIZAN.

Make no great stirre, because they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in meriment.
Tis but a size aboue a iest thou knowst,
Therefore pursue it mildly, goe be gone, (gaine.
The Constabl's hard by, bring him along, -make hast a-
Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcocke, are you not
now? (Exit George.

See what your patiēce comes too: euery one saddles you, and
rides you, youle be shortly the common stone-horse of
Mylian: a womans well holp't vp with such a meacocke, I
had rather haue a husband that would swaddle me thrice a
day, then such a one, that will be guld twice in halfe an how-
er. Oh I could burne all the wares in my shop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife,
That is, be patient: for a wife and husband
Share but one soule betweene them: this being knowne
Why should not one soule then agree in one? Exit.

Wife. Hang your agreements: but if my beaker be gone,

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, here they come.

Geor. The Constable syr, let'em come along with me,
because there should be no wondring, he staies at dore.

Cast. Constable Goodman *Abram*.

Flu. Now signior *Candido*, Sblood why doe you attach

Cast. Sheart! attach vs! (vs?

Cand. Nay sweare not gallants,
Your oathes may moue your soules, but not moue me,
You haue a siluer beaker of my wiues.

Elu. You say not true: tis gilt.

Cand. Then you say true.
And being gilt, the guilt lyes more on you.

Cast. I hope y'are not angry syr.

Cand. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.

Pio. No, but a little mou'de.

Cand. I mou'de it was you were mou'd, you were brought

Cast. But you (out of your anger & impatience,) hither.
Caus'd vs to be attacht.

Cand. Nay you misplace it.

THE CONVERTED

Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
 And not of any wrath, had I showne anger,
 I should haue then persude you with the lawe,
 And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
 Doe build their anger vpon feebler grounds;
 The mores the pittie, many loose their liues
 For scarce so much coyne as will hide their palme,
 Which is most cruell, those haue vexed spirits
 That pursue liues: in this opinion rest,
 The losse of Millions could not moue my brest.

Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace doest deale,
 Such a meeke spirit can blesse a common weale.

Cand. Gentlemen, now tis vpon eating time,
 Pray part not hence, but dyne with me to day.

Cast. I neuer heard a courtier yet say nay
 To such a motion. /le not be the first.

Pio. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Cand. The constable shall beare you company,
 George call him in, let the world say what it can,
 Nothing can driue me from a patient man. (Exeunt.)

*Enter Roger with a stoole, cushin, looking-glasse and chafing-dish,
 Those being set downe, he pulls out of his pocket, a violl with
 white callor in it. And 2. boxes, one with white, another red
 painting, he places all things in order & a candle by the singing
 with the ends of old Ballads as he does it. At last Bella-
 front (as he rubs his cheeke with the callors, whistles with-
 in.*

Ro. Anon forsooth.

Bell What are you playing the roague about?

Ro. About you forsooth: I me drawing vp a hole in your
 white silke stocking.

Bell. Is my glasse there? and my boxes of complexion?

Ro. Yes forsooth: your boxes of complexion are
 here I thinke: yes tis here: her's your two complexi-
 ons, and if I had all the foure complexions, I should
 neuer set a good face vpont, some men I see are borne vn-
 der hard-fauourd planets as well as women: zounds I looke
 worse

CVRTIZAN.

worsenow then I did before, & it makes her face glister most damnably, theres knauery in dawbing I hold my life, or else this is onely female *Pomatum*.

Enter Bellafronte not full-ready, without a gowne, shee sits downe, with her bodkin curls her haire, cullers her lips.

Bell. Wheres my ruffe and poker you block-head?

Ro. Your ruffe, and your poker, are ingendring together vpon the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court-cup-bord.

Bel. Fetch e'm: Is the poxe in your hammes, you can goe no faster?

Ro. Wood the pox were in your fingers, vnlesse you could leaue flinging; catch. *Exit.*

Bell. Ile catch you, you dog by and by: do you grumble?

Cupid is a God, as naked as my naile, She sings.

Ile whip him with a rod, if he my true loue faile.

Ro. Thers your ruffe, shall I poke it?

Bel. Yes honest *Ro.* no stay: pry thee good boy, hold here, Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise, I neuer shall.

Ro. Troth M. then leaue the trade if you shall neuer rise.

Bell. What trade? good-man *Abram.*

Ro. Why that, of down and arise, or the falling trade.

Bell. Ile fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you doe, I know who shall smart fort:

Troth Mistris, what do I looke like now?

Bell. Like as you are: a panderly Sixpenny Rascall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that: no faith, I looke like an old Prouerbe, *Hold the Candle before the diuell.*

Bell. Vds life, Ile sticke my knife in your Guts and you prate to me so: Whaat? *She sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearle of beautie: umh, umh.

How now sir knaue you forget your dutie, umh, umh.

Marry muffle Sir, are you growne so daintie, fa la, la, &c.

Is it you Sir? the worst of iuentie, fa la, la, leera la.

Pox on you, how doest thou hold my glasse?

Ro. Why, as I hold your doore: with my fingers.

Bell. Nay pray thee sweet hony *Ro.* hold vp handsomely Sing pretty Wantons warble, &c. We shall ha gue sts to day.

I lay

THE CONVERTED

I lay my little meadenhead, my nose itches so.

Ro. I fall so too last night, when our Fleas twing'd me.

Bell. So Poke my ruffe now, my gowne. my gown, haue
(I my fall?

V Vher's my fall *Roger?* *One knocks.*

Ro. Your fall forsooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole mistresse?

Bell. And all these bables lying thus away with it quickly, I, I, knock & be dambe, whosoever you be. So; giue the fresh Salmon lyne now, let him come a shoare, hee shall serue for my breakefast, tho he goe against my stomach.

Roger fetches in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratio.

Flu. Morrow coz,

Cast. How does my sweete acquaintance?

Pio. Saue thee little Marmoset: how doest thou good pretty roague?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty rascall.

Flu. Roger some light I pry thee.

Ro. You shall Signior, for we that liue here in this vale of misery, are as darke as hell. *Exit. for a candle.*

Cast. Good Tabacco, *Fluello?*

Flu. Smell? *Enter Roger.*

Pio. It may be tickling geere, for it playes with my nose

Ro. Her's another light Angell, Signior. (already.

Bel. What you pyed curtal, whats that you are neighing?

Ro. I say God send vs the light of heaven, or some more Aniels.

Bell. Goe fetch some wyne, and drinke halfe of it.

Ro. I must fetch some wyne gentlemen and drinke halfe

Flu. Here *Roger.* (of it.

Cast. No let me send pry thee.

Flu. Hold you canker worme.

Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.

Pio. Stay, whats best to drinke a mornings? (to her:

Ro. Hypocras sir, for my mistres, if I fetch it, is most deare

Flu. Hypocras! ther then, her's a teston for you, you snake

Ro. Right syr, her's iii. s. vi. d. for a pottle & a mancher. *Ex.*

Heer's

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CARTIZAN. 3RT

Cast. Her's most Herculian Tobacco, ha some acquaintāce?

Bel. Fah, not I, makes your breath stinke, like the pisse of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where supt you last night?

Cast. At a place sweete acquaintāce where your health danc'de the Canaries y' faith: you should ha ben there.

Bell. I there among your Puikes, marry fah, hang-em: scorn't: will you neuer leaue sucking of eggs in other folkes hens neasts.

Cast. Why in good troth, if youle trust me acquaintāce, there was not one hen at the board, aske *Flnella*.

Fln. No faith Coz, none but Coels, signior *Matheo* drunke to thee. *Bel.* O, a pure beagle, that horse-leach there?

Fln. And the knight, *S. Oliver Lottio*, swore he wold bestow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his fast with thee.

Bel. With me? He choake him then, hang him Mole-scat-ther, its the dreamingst snorty nose.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lottio* for a foole, but he's a subtile foole.

Bel. I, and he has fellowes: of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cast. Why wench, is he scabbed?

Bel. Hang him, heele not live to bee so honest, nor to the credite to haue scabbes about him, his betters haue em: but I hate to weare out any of his course knight-hood, because hee's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fast all with conny before, and within nothing but Foxe: this sweete *Oliver*, will eate Mutton till he be ready to burst, but the leane iawde-flaue wil not pay for the scraping of his trecher.

Pio. Plague him, set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit, till euery one has had his full cut.

Fln. *Sordello*, the Gentleman Vsher came into vs too, marry twas in our cheefe, for he had beene to borrow mony for his Lord, of a Citizen.

Cast. VVhat an asse is that Lord, to borrow money of a citizen.

Bell. Nay, Gods my pitty, what an asse is that Citizen to lend mony to a Lord.

Enter Matheo and Hypolito, who saluting the Company, as a stranger walks off. Roger comes in sadly behind them.

THE CONVERTED

with a pottle-pot, and stands aloofe off.

Matheo. Saue you Gallants, signior *Fluello*, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Flu. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Ma. And how fares my little prettie Mistris?

Bell. Eene as my little pretie servant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them: how now? why the diuell standst thou so? Art in a trance?

Ro. Yes forsooth. *Bell.* VVhy dost not fil out their wine?

Ro. Forsooth tis fild out already: all the wine that the signior has bestowde vpon you is cast away, a Porter ranne a litle at me, and so fac't me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. I me accurs'd to let such a withered Artichocke faced-Rascall grow vnder my nose: now you looke like an old he ca', going to the gallowes: Ile be hangde if he ha not put vp the mony to cony-catch vs all.

Ro. No truely forsooth, tis not put vp yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen hast thou serued thus?

Ro. None but five hundred, besides prentices and seruing-

Be. Does't thinke I e pocket it vp at thy hands? (men.

Ro. Yes forsooth, I feare you will pocket it vp.

Bel. Fye, fye cut my lace good seruant, I shall ha the mother presently, I'm'e so vext at this horse-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a scald pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay, sweete *Bellafronte* for a little Pigs wash.

Cast. Here *Roger*, fetch more, a mischance. Ysaith *Acquaintance*.

Bell. Out of my sight, thou vngodly puritanical creature,

Ro. For the tother pottle? yes forsooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that seruant your Friend?

Ma. Gods so a stoole, a stoole, if you loue me Mistris entertaine this Gentleman respectiue, & bid him welcome.

Bell. Hees very welcome, pray Sir sit.

Hip. Thankes Lady.

Flu. Count *Hypolito*, ist not? cry you mercie signior, you walke here all this while, and we not heed you? let me be-

stow

65019
CURTIZAN.

Now a stoole vpo you beseech you, you are a stranger here,
we know the fashions ath house.

Cast. Please you be heere my Lord. *Tabacco.*

Hipo. No good *Castruchio.*

Flu. You haue abandoned the Court I see my lord since
the death of your mistresse, well she was a delicate piece be-
seech you sweete, come let vs serue vnder the cullors of your
acquaintance stil: for all that, please you to meete here at the
lodging of my cuz, I shall bestow a banquet vpon you.

Hipo. I neuer can deserue this kindnesse syr.
What may this Lady be, whom you call cuz?

Flu. Faith syr a poore gentlewoman, of passing good ca-
riage, one that has some sutes in law, and lyes here in an At-
turnies house.

Hipo. Is she married?

Flu. Hah, as all your punks are, a captens wife, or so?
neuer saw her before, my Lord.

Hipo. Neuer trust me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, youle swear she is
the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest ape
vnder the pole. A skin, your fatten is not more soft, nor
lawne whiter.

Hipo. Belike then shees some sale curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hipo. Great pittty that shees a good wench.

Ma. Thou shalt haue it ifaith mistresse: how now signior?
what? whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you
within seuen daies in a house of vanity.

Hipo. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you haue won.

Ma. How do you like my mistresse?

Hipo. Well, for such a mistresse: better, if your mistresse
be not your master.

I must breake manners gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. Sfoote you shall not leaue vs.

Bell. The gentleman likes not the tast of our company,

Omni. Beseech you stay.

Hipo. Trust me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

THE CONVERTED

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Ma. Perhaps? fah! I know you can, sweare to me you wil,

Hip. Since you will presse me on my word, I will. *Exit.*

Bell. What sullen picture is this seruant?

Ma. Its Count *Hipolito*, the braue Count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit, as any in *Millan* you sweete

Flu. Oh hees a most essentiall gentleman, coz. (Iewe,

Cast. Did you neuer heare of Count *Hipolito*s acquaintance?

Bell. Marymuffe a your counts, & be no more life in'em.

Ma. Hees so malcontent! sirra *Bellafronte*, & you be honest gallants, lets sup together, and haue the count with vs; thou shalt sit at the vpper end puncke.

Bell. Puncke you sowedde gurnet?

Ma. Kings truce: come, ile bestow the supper to haue him but laugh.

Cast. He betraies his youth too grossly to that tyrant me.

Ma. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman! some whore! what sweet Iewell ist?

Pio. Wod she heard you. *Flu.* Troth so wud I.

Cast. And I by heauen.

Bell. Nay good seruant, what woman? *Ma.* Pah.

Bell. Pry thee tell me, a bülle and tell me: I warrant hees an honest fellowe, if hee take on thus for a wench: good roague who:

Ma. Byth Lord I will not, must not, faith mistresse: ist a match firs: this night, at *Th'antlop*: for thers best wine, and

Omni. Its done at *Th'antlop*. (good boyes.

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot? bith lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not: shaall!

Flu. Why then put it off till fryday: wut come then cuz?

Bell. Well. *Enter Roger.*

Ma. Yare the waspishest Ape. *Roger* put your misttris in minde, your scurny misttris heere, to sup with vs on friday next: yare best come like a mad woman, without a band in your wastcoate, & the iynings of your kirtle outward, like euery common hackny that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knights lodging

Bell.

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CVR TIZ AN.

Bell. Goe, goe, bang your selfe. *Cast.* Its dinner time *Matheo*,
Omni. Yes, yes, farewell wench. *Exeunt.* (shalls hence?)

Bell. Farewell boyes: *Roger* what wine sent they for?

Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had bin truly begotten, it wud
not ha bin ashamde to come in, her's vi.s. to pay for nursing
the bastard.

Bell. A company of rookes! O good sweete *Roger*, run to
the Poulters and buy me some fine Larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks?

Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deare.

Ro. Ile buy but one, theres one already here. *Exit.*

Enter Hipolito.

Hipo. Is the gentleman (my friend) departed mistresse?

Bell. His backe is but new-turnd fyr.

Hipo. Fare you well. *Bell.* I can direct you to him.

Hipo. Can you? pray.

Bell. If you please ye heele not be absent long.

Hipo. I care not much.

Bell. Pray sit forsooth. *Hipo.* I'me hot.

If I may vse your roome, ile rather walke.

Bell. At your best pleasure- whew- some rubbers there.

Hipo. Indeed ile none: - Indeed I will not; thanks.

Pretty-fine-lodging. I perceiue my friend

Is old in your acquaintance. *Bell.* Troth fyr, he comes

As other gentlemen, to spend spare howers;

If your selfe like our rooffe (such as it is)

Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hipo. Say I did like; what welcome should I find?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford.

Hipo. But would you let me play *Mathaeos* part?

Bell. What part?

Hipo. Why imbrace you: dally with you, kisse:

Faith tell me, will you leaue him, and loue me?

Bell. I am in bondes to no man fyr. *Hipo.* Why then.

Yare free for any man: if any, me.

But I must tell you Lady, were you mine,

You should be all mine: I could brooke no sharers,

I should be couetous, and sweepe vp all.

THE CONVERTED

I should be pleasures vsurer: faith I should.

Bell. O fate!

Hipo. Why sigh you Lady? may I knowe?

Bell. T'has neuer bin my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose loue could fellow mine.

As I haue euer wisht it: ô my Stars!

Had I but met with one kind gentleman,

That would haue purchacde sin alone, to himselfe,

For his owne priuate vse, although scarce proper:

Indifferent handsome: meetly legd and thyed:

And my allowance reasonable-yfaith,

According to my body-by my troth,

I would haue bin as true vnto his pleasures,

Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,

As euer a poore gentlewoman could be.

Hipo. This were well now, to one but newly fledg'd,
And scarce a day old in this futtle world:

Twere prettie Art, good bird-lime, cunning net:

But come, come, faith-confesse: how many men

Haue drunke this selfe-same protestation,

From that read tycing lip?

Bell. Indeede not any.

Hipo. Indeede? and blush not!

Bell. No, in truth not any.

Hipo. Indeed! in truth!-how warily you sweare?

Tis well: if ill it be not: yet had I

The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you

But in light cullors, I doe know indeed,

You would not sweare indeede, But thunder oathes

That should shake heauen, drown the harmonious spheres;

And pierce a soule (that lou'd her makers honour)

With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I sweare?

VVil you belieue me then?

Hipo. VVorst then of all,

Our sins by custome, seeme (at last) but small.

VVere I but o're your threshold, a nex man,

And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should

65019
CURTIZAN.

Should haue this golden hooke, and lasciuious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you
I ha seene letters sent from that white hand,
Tuning such musicke to *Matheos* eare.

Bell. *Matheo*! thats true, but if youle beleeue
My honest tongue, my eyes no sooner met you,
But they con ieid and lead you to my heart.

Hipo. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know **Lady**,
This is the common fashion of you all,
To hooke in a kind gentleman, and then
Abuse his coyne, conueying it to your louer,
And in the end you shew him a french trick,
And so you leaue him, that a coach may run
Betweene his legs for bredth.

Bell. O by my soule!
Not I: therein ile proue an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.

Hipo. If any be disposde to trust your oath,
Let him: ile not be he, I know you feine
All that you speake, I: for a mingled harlot,
Is true in nothing but in being false.
What! shall I teach you how to loath your selfe
And mildly too: not without sense or reason.

Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my selfe,
If you not loue me.

Hipo. Then if your gracious blood be not all wasted,
I shall assay to doo't.
Lend me your silence, and attention, - you haue no soule,
That makes you wey so light: heauens treasure bought it,
And halfe a crowne hath sold it: for your body
Is like the common shoare, that still receiues
All the townes filth. The sin of many men
Is within you, and thus much I suppose,
That if all your committers stood in ranke,
Theide make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell)
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, shall I vrge it more, there has bene knowne,

As

THE CONVERTED

As many by one harlot, may m'd and dismembred,
As would ha stuf't an Hospitall: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps doe you right;
O y' are as base as any beast that beares,
Your body is ee'ne hirde, and so are theirs.
For gold and sparkling iewels, (if he can)
Youle let a Jewe get you with christian:
Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
Looke vglie then a dead mans scull,
Could the diuel put on a humane shape,
If his purse shake out crownes, vp then he gets,
Whores will berid to hell with golden bits:
So that y' are crueller then Turkes, for they
Sell Christians onely, you sell your selues away.
Why those that loue you, hate you: and will terme you
Lickerish damnation: with themselves halfe sunke
After the sin is laid out, and ee'ne curse
Their fruitlesse riot, (for what one begets
Another poisons) lust and murder hit,
A tree being often shooke, what fruit can knit?

Bell. O me ynhappy!

Hip. I can vexe you more;

A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
Swallowes both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
Blacke-doord Italian, last of all the French,
And he sticks to you faith: giues you your diet,
Brings you acquainted, first with monsier Doctor,
And then you know what followes.

Bell. Misery.

Ranke, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
That with one poison swells, with thousands more
The other stocks her veines: harlot: fie! fie,
You are the miserablest Creatures breathing,
The very slaues of nature: marke me else,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin,
And this strange curse ee'ne haunts you to your graues.

From

6501a
The converted Courtizan

From fooles you get, and spend it vpon flannes;
Like Beares and Apes, y^e are bayted & shew tricks
For money, but your Bawd the sweetnesse licks.
Indeed you are their Iourney-women, and do
All bale and damnd workes they list let you to:
So that you n^ere are rich; for doe but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous Courtizan,
Whose flesh was dearst; that raised the price of sin,
And held it vp, to whole intemperate bosome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worst has bin a knight,
The meanst it a Gentleman, haue offered vp
Whole Hecatombs of sighs, & rained in showres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow, then grew so poore,
That she has begd eⁿe at a beggers doore.
And (wherin heauⁿ has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coast to coast, has leapt on forraine shores,
And had more worship, th^en th^e outlandish whores,
When seuerall nations haue gone ouer her,
When for each seuerall City she has seene,
Her maidenhead has bin new, & bin sold deare:
Did liue wel there, & might haue dide vnkowne
And vndefam^d, back comes she to her owne,
And there both miserably liues and dyes,
Scornd euen of those, that once ador^d her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life thus ranne,
Her pride should end there, where it first began.
What, do you weep, to heare your story read?
Nay, if you spoyle your cheeks, Ile read no more.

Bel. O yes, I pray proceed:

Indeed 'twill do me good to weep indeed.

Hip. To giue those teares a relish, this I adde,
Y^e are like the lewes, scatterd, in no place certain,
Your daies are tedious, your houres burdensome:
And wer't not for full suppers, midnight Reuels,
Dauncing, wine, ryotous meetings, which do drowne,
And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,

The converted Courtier.

And on your eye-lids liang so heauily,
They haue no power to looke so high as heauen;
Youde sit and muse on nothing but despayre,
Cursethat deuill Lust, thatso burnes vp your blood;
And in ten thousand shiuers breake your glasse
For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
To haue a golden Gull from rize to Set,
To meat you in his hote luxurious armes,
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dreame
Of warrants, whips, & Beadles, and then start
At a dores windy creak: thinke euery Weezle
To be a Constable: and euery Rat
A long tayld Officer: Are you now not slaues?
Oh you haue damnation without pleasure for it!
Such is the state of Harlots. To conclude,
When you are old, and can well paynt no more,
You turne Bawd, and are then worse then before:
Make vse of this: farewell.

Bel. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. I see *Mattheo* comes not: time hath bard me,
Would all the Harlots in the towne had heard me. *Exit.*

Bel. Stay yet a little longer. no: quite gone!
Curst be that minute (for it was no more,
So soone a mayd is chang'd into a Whore)
Wherein I first fell, be it for euer blacke;
Yet why should sweet *Hipolito* shun mine eyes;
For whose true loue I would becom pure-honest,
Hate the worlds mixtures, & the smiles of gold:
Am I not fayre? Why should he flye me then?
Faire creatures are desir'd, not scornd of men.
How many Gallants haue drunk healthes to me,
Out of their daggerd armes, & thought the blest,
Enioying but mine eyes at prodigall feasts!
And does *Hipolito* detest my loue?
Oh, sure their heedlesse lusts but flattred me,
I am not pleasing, beautifull nor young.
Hipolito hath spyed some vgly blemish,
Eclipsing all my beauties: I am foule:

Harlot!

65019
The converted Courtizan.

Harlot! Is that's the spot that taints my soules
his weapon left heere? O fit instrument,
To let forth all the poyson of my flesh!
Thy M. hates me, cause my blood hath rang'd:
But whē tis forth, then heele belecue I me chag'd.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing? *Enter*

Bel. Eyt her loue me, *Hipo.*

Or cleaue my bolome on thy Rapiers poynt:

Yet doe not neyther; for thou then destroyst

That which I loue thee for (thy vertues) here, here,

Th'art crueller, and kilst me with disdain:

To die so, sheds no blood, yet tis worse payne. *Exit*

Not speake to me! not looke! not bid farewell! *Hipo.*

Hated! this must not be, some meanes Ile try.

Would all Whores were as honest now, as I. *Exeunt.*

SCENA 7.

*Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two Prentices in the
shop: Fastigo enters, walking by.*

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack: a fine Holland,
a fine Cambrick, see what you buy. (you lack)

I. Pr. Holland for shirts, Cambrick for bands, what ist

Fast. Sfoot, I lack em all, nay more, I lack money to buy
em: let me see, let me looke agen: masse this is the shop;
What Coz! sweet Coz! how dost itayth, since last night
after candlelight? we had good sport itayth, had we not?
and when shals laugh agen?

W. When you will, Cozen. (husband.

Fast. Spoke like a kind Lacedemoniā: I see yonders thy

W. I, ther's the sweet youth, God blesse him.

Fast. And how ist Cozen? & how? how ist thou squall?

W. Well, Cozen, how fare you?

Fast. How fare I? troth, for sixpence a meale, wench, as
wel as heart can wish, with Calues chaldrons and chitter-
lings, besides I haue a *Punch* after supper, as good as a ro-

Cand. Are you my wifes Cozen? (sted Apple,

Fast. I am, sir, what hast thou to do with that?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

The converted Courtizan.

Fust. The Devils dung in thy teeth: Ile be welcom whether thou wilt or no, Is what Ring's this Coz: very pretty and fantasticall if sayth, lets see it.

Wife. Puh! nay you wrench my finger.

Fust. I ha sworne Ile ha't, and I hope you wil not let my othes be crackt in the ring, wil you? I hope sir, you are not mallicolly at this for all your great lookes: are you angry?

Cand. Angry not I sir, nay, if she can part So easily with her Ring, tis with my heart.

Geo. Suffer this sir, and suffer all, a whorson Gull to—

Can. Peace George, whē she has reapt what I haue sowne, Sheele say, one graynetalkes better of her owne, Then whole sheaues gathered from anothers land: Wit's neuer good, til bought at a deare hand. (body.

Geo. But in the meane time she makes an Assc of some

2. Pr. See, see, see, sir, as you turne your backe, they do nothing but kisse.

Cand. No matter, let 'em when I touch her lip, I shall not feele his kisses, no nor misse Any of her lips: no harme in kissing is.

Looke to your businesse, pray make vp your wares.

Fust. Troth Coz, and well remembred, I would thou wouldst giue mee five yards of Lawne, to make my *Purke* some falling bands a the fashiō, three falling one vpō another: for thats the new editiō now: she's out of linnen horribly too, troth, sha's neuer a good smock to her back neyther, but one that has a great many patches in't, & that I'm faine to weare my selfe for want of shift too: prithee put me into holesome napery, & bestow some clean commodities vpō vs.

Wife. Reach me those Cambricks & the Lawnes hither. *Cand.* What to doe, wife: to lauish out my goods vpon a foole?

Fust. Foole! Sneales eat the foole, or Ile so batter your crowne, that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

2. Pr. Do you heare sir: y are best be quiet, & say a foole

Fust. Nailes, I think so, for thou telst me. (tels you so,

Can. Are you angry sir, because I namde the foole?

Trust me, you are not wise, in mine owne house,

And

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The converted Courtizan.

And to my face to play the Anticke thus :
If youle needs play the mad man, choose a stage
Of lesser compasse, where few eyes may note
Your actions errour; but if still you misse,
As heere you doe, for one clap, ten will hisse.

Fust. Zwounds Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I were a scurvy Tragedian.

2. Pren. Sirra George, I ha thought vpon a deuice, how to breake his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

Geor. Doo't. *2. Pren.* Ile go in, passe through the house, giue some of our fellow Prentises the watch-word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgell the Gul out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't, away, doo't.

Wife. Must I call twife for these Cambricks & lawnes?

Can. Nay see, you anger her, *George*, prithee dispatch.

2. pr. Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Can. Go fetch them presently. *Exit 1. prentice.*

Fust. I, do, make haste, sirra.

Can. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wiues Colent?

Fust. Stranger? no sir, I me a naturall Millaner borne.

Can. I perceyue still it is your naturall guise to mistake me, but you are welcom sir, I much wish your acquaintāce.

Fust. My acquaintāce? I scorne that ifayth; I hope, my acquaintāce goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double; you know who I meane, Coz, the posts of his gate are a painting to. *Enter the 2. Prentice;*

2. Pr. Signior Pandulfo the Marchāt desires conference with you. *Can.* Signior Pandulfo? Ile be with him straight. Attend your mistris and the Gentleman.

Wife. When do you shew those pieces? *Exit.*

Omn. Presently sir, presently, we are but charging the.

Fust. Come sirra, you Flat-cap, where be these whites?

Go. Flat-cap? heark in your eare sir, yare a flat foole, an Affe, a gull, & le thrum you; do you see this cambrick, sir?

The converted Courtizan.

Fust. Sfoot Coz, a good iest, did you heare him? he told me in my eare, I was a flat scoble, an Assle, a Gull, and Ile thrum you: doe you see this Cambrick sir?

Wi. What, not my men, I hope?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men if sayth.

1. Pr. I pray sir, come hither, what say you to this? heres an excellent good one. (1000 yards.

Fust. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off some halfe

2. Pr. Let your whores cut, yare an impudent coxcomb, you get none, & yet Ile thrum you. - A very good Cambrick sir.

Fust. Agen, agen, as God iudge me: Sfoot, Coz, they stand thrūming here with me all day, & yet I get nothing.

1. Pr. A word I pray sir, you must not be angry, prentices haue hote blouds, young fellowes, - What say you to this piece? looke you, tis so delicate, so soft, so euen, so fine a thrūd, that a Lady may weare it.

Fust. Sfoot I thinke so, if a Knight marry my Puncck, a Lady shall weare it: cut me off 20. yards: th'art an honest

1. Pr. Not without mony, gull, & Ile thrū you to. (lad.

Om. Gull, weele thrum you.

Fust. O Lord, sister, did you not heare something cry thump? zounds your men here make a plaine Assle of me!

Wi. What, to my face so impudent?

Geor. I, in a cause so honest, weele not suffer Our masters goods to vanish monylessle.

Wife. You will not suffer them.

2. Pr. No, and you may blush, In going about to vex so mild a brest,

As is our masters. *Wi.* Take away those pieces, Cozen, I giue them freely.

Fust. Masse, and Ile take em as freely.

Om. Weeie make you lay em down agen more freely.

Wi. Help, help, my brother wilbe murdered. *Enter Can.*

Can. How now, what coyle is here? forbearc, I say.

Geor. He cals vs Flatcaps, and abuses vs.

Can. Why, sirs? do such examples flow from me?

Wi. They are of your keeping sir, alas poore brother.

Fust. I

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The converted Courtizan.

Fust. I sayth they ha pepperd me, sister: looke, doost not spin? call you these Prentices? Ile nere play at cards more whē clubs is trump: I haue a goodly coxcomb, sister, haue

Can. Sister and brother, brother to my wife. (I not?)

Fust. If you haue any skill in Heraldry, you may soone know that, break but her pate, and you shal see her blood and mine is all one.

Can. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon: Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen?

Fust. Because its a common thing to call Coz, and Ningle now adayes all the world ouer.

Can. Cozen! A name of much deceyt, folly and sin,
For vnder that common abused word,
Many an honest tempred Cityzen
Is made a monster, and his wife traynd out
To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fust. Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha me take vpon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double Gules on my coxcomb. (foole?)

Wife. What, playing the woman? blabbing now you

Can. O, my wife did but exercise a iest vpon your wit.

Fust. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinks.

Can. Then let this warning more of sence afford,
The name of Cozen is a bloody word.

Fust. Ile nere call Coz agen whilst I liue, to haue such a coyle about it: this should be a Coronation day; for my head runnes Claret lustily. *Exit.* *Enter an Officer.*

Can. Go with the Surgeon to haue great respect.

How now, my friend, what, do they sit to day?

Off. Yes sir, they expect you at the Senate-house.

Can. I thāk your paines, Ile not be last man there. *Exit*

My gowne, *George*, goe, my gowne. A happy land, *Off.*

Where graue men meet each cause to vnderstand,

Whose consciences are not cut out in brybes,

To gull the poore mans right: but in euen scales,

Peize rich & poore, without corruptions veyles.

Come, wheres the gowne? *Ge.* I cannot find the key sir.

Can. Request it of your mistris.

Wife. Come

The converted Courtiſan.

Wiſe. Come not to me for any Key,
He not be troubled to deliuer it.

Can. Good wiſe, kind wiſe, it is a needfull trouble,
but for my Gowne.

Wi. Mothes ſwallow downe your Gowne;
You ſet my teeth an edge with talking on't.

Can. Nay prythee ſweet, I cannot meet without it,
I ſhould haue a great Fyne ſet on my head.

Wi. Set on your Coxcomb: tuſh, Fine me no Fines.

Can. Beleeue me ſweet, none greets the Senate-houſe,
Without his Robe of reuerence, that's his Gowne.

Wi. Well, then y'are like to croſſe that cuſtome once,
You get nor key, nor gowne, and ſo depart:

This trick will vexe him ſure, and fret his heart. *Exit,*

Can. Stay, let me ſee, I muſt haue ſome deuice,
My cloke's too ſhort: fye, fye, no cloke will doo't:
It muſt be ſomething faſhioned like a Gowne,
With my armes out: oh *George*, come hither *George*,
I prythee lend me thine aduice. *(open cheſt.)*

Geor. Truth ſir, were it any but you, they would breake

Can. O no, break open cheſt! that's a theeues office:
Therein you counſell me againſt my bloud;

'Twould ſhew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to embrace. Maſſe, I haue got it:

Go, ſtep vp, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,

The ſaddeſt colourd Carpet, honeſt *George*,

Cut thou a hole ith middle for my necke,

Two for mine armes, nay prythee looke not ſtrange.

Ge. I hope you doe not thinke ſir, as you meane.

Can. Prythee about it quickly, the houre chides me:

Warily *George*, ſoftly, take heed of eyes, *Exit George.*

Out of two euils hee's accounted wiſe,

That can pick out the leaſt; the Fine impoſſe

For an vngowned Senator, is about

Forty Cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'boue foure.

Thus haue I choſen the leſſer euill yet,

Preſeru'd my patience, ſoyld her desperate wit.

Geo. Here ſir, here's the Carpet. *Enter George.*

Can. O

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The converted Courtizan.

Can. O well done, *George*, weele cut it iust ith midst:
Tis very well I thanke thee, helpe it on. *(ticoate.*

Ge. It must come ouer your head, sir, like a wenchs pe-

Can. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it must in deed.
Fetch me a nightcap, for Ile gyrd it close,
As if my health were queazy: twill show well,
For a rude carelesse night-gowne, wilt not, thinkst?

Ge. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gowne, being girt &

Can. I, and a night-cap on my head. *(pleated,*

Ge. That's true sir, Ile run & fetch one, & a staffe. *Exit Ge.*

Can. For thus they cannot chuse but conster it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparell without appetite,
And puts on heedles rayment without forme. *Enter Geo.*
So, so, kind *George*, be secret now: & prithe do not laugh
at me till I me out of sight. *Geor.* I laugh? not I, sir,

Can. Now to the Senate-house:
Me thinks, Ide rather weare without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. *Exit.*

Ge. Now looks my M, iust like one of our Carpet knights,
only hee's somewhat the honestier of the two. *Enter Can.*

Wi. What, is your master gone? *didoes wife.*

Geo. Yes forsooth, his back is but new turnd.

Wi. And in his cloke? did he not vexe and sweare?

Geo. No, but heele make you sweare anon: no indeed,
he went away like a lambe.

Wi. Key, sinke to hell: still patient, patient still!
I am with child to vexe him: prythee *George*,
If e're thou lookst for fauour at my hands,
Vphold one left for me. *Geor.* Against my master?

Wi. Tis a meere left in fayth: say, wilt thou doe't?

Geor. Well, what ist? *(lie,*

Wi. Heere, take this key, thou knowst where all things
Put on thy masters best apparell, Gowne,
Chayne, Cap, Ruffe, every thing, be like himselfe,
And 'gaynst his comming home, walke in the shop,
Fayne the same cariage, and his patient looke,
'Twill breed but a iest thou knowest, speake, wilt thou?
Geor. 'Twill wrong my masters patience.

The converted Courtizan.

W. Prythee *George*. *Geor.* Well, if youle saue me harmlesse, and put me vnder couert barne, I am content to please you, prouided it may breed no wrong against him.

W. No wrong at all: here take the Key, be gone:
If any vex him, this: if not this, none. *Exeunt.*

SCENA 8.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger, Roger*, where's your mistris, wher's your mistris: there's the finest, neatest Gentleman at my house, but newly come ouer: O where is she, where is she, where is she?

Rog. My mistris is abroad, but not amongst em: my mistris is not the whore now that you take her for.

Baw. How? is she not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger*? you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Rog. Itellyou, *Madona Finger-locke*, I am not sad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three & thirty dayes: I had wont to get sixteene pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras: but now those dayes are past: we had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke*, she within dores and I without, as any poore yong couple in Millain.

Baw. Gods my life, and is she chang'd now?

Rog. I ha lost by her squeamishnesse, more then would haue builded 12. bawdy houses.

And had she no time to turn honest but now? what a vile woman is this? twenty pound a night, Ile be sworne, *Roger*, in good gold and no siluer: why here was a time, if she should ha pickt out a time, it could not be better! gold ynough stirring; choyce of men, choyce of haire, choyce of beards, choyce of legs, and choyce of euery, euery, euery thing: it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an Ass. *Roger*, I neuer beleene it.

Rog. Here she comes now. *Enter Bellafronte.*

Baw. O sweet *Madona*, on with your loose gowne, your felt & your feather, there's the sweetest, proprest, gallantest Gentleman at my house, he smells all of Muske & Amber greece, his pocket full of Crownes, flame-colour'd dublet, red satin hose, Carnation like stockings, and a leg and a body. oh!

Bel. Hence

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The conuerted Courtizan.

Bel. Hence, thou our sexes monster, poysonous Bawd,
Lusts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Gossip of hell, were all the Harlots sinnes
Which the whole world conteynes, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all; of all the creatures
That euer were created, thou art basest:
What serpent would beguile thee of thy Office?
It is detestable: for thou liu'st
Vpon the dregs of Harlots, guard'st the dore,
Whilst couples goe to dauncing: O course deuill!
Thou art the bastards curse, thou brand'st his birth,
The lechers French disease; for thou dry-suckst him:
The Harlots poyson, and thine owne confusion.

Baw. Mary come vp with a pox, haue you no body to
raile against, but your Bawd now?

Bel. And you, Knaue Pandar, kinsman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bel. Of the same bloud and making, neere allyed,
Thou, that slaue to sixpence, base-mettald villayne.

Rog. Sixpence? nay that's not so; I neuer took vnder two
shillings foure pence, I hope I know my fee.

Bel. I know not against which most to inueight
For both of you are damnd so equally.
Thou neuer spar'st for oathes: swearst any thing,
As if thy soule were made of shoe-leather.

God dam me, Gentleman, if she be within,
When in the next roome she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to sweare, euery man in his vo-
cation: I hope my betters sweare and dam themselues, and
why should not I? *Bel.* Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen?

Rog. The more gulls they.

Bel. Slaue, I casheere thee.

Baw. And you do casheere him, he shalbe entertaynd.

Rog. Shall I? then blurt ayour seruice.

Bel. As hell would haue it, entertaynd by you!
I dare the deuill himselfe to match those two, *Exit.*

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne so holy, so pure, so ho-
nest with a pox?

The converted Courtizan.

Rog. Scuruy honest Punck! But stay *Madona*, how must our agreement be now? for you know I am to haue all the commings in at the hall dore, & you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True *Rog.* except my vailles. *Rog.* Vailles, what vailles?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, & light to lie down a little, then *Roger*, thats my fee, & you may walke abroad; for the Coach-man himselfe is their *Pandar*.

Rog. Is a so? in truth I haue almost forgot, for want of exercise: But how if I fetch this Citizens wifeto that *Gull*, & that *Madona* to that *Gallant*, how then?

Ba. Why then, *Roger*, you are to haue sixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many sixpences.

Rog. Ist so? the I see we two shall agree and liue together.

Ba. I *Roger*, so long as there be any *Tanernes* and bawdy houses in *Millain*. *Exeunt.*

SCENA 9.

Enter Bellafronte with a Lute, pen, inke and paper being plac'd before her.

Song.

THe Courtiers flattering Iewels,
(Temptations onely fewels)

The Lawyers ill-got monyes,
That sucke vp poore Bees Honyes:

The Citizens sonnes ryot,

The gallant softly dyet:

Silks and Veluets, Pearles and Ambers,

Shall not draw me to their Chambers.

Silks and Veluets, &c.

Shee
writes.

Oh, tis in vayne to write: it will not please,

Inke on this paper would ha but presented

The foule blacke spots that sticke vpon my soule,

And rather make me lothsomer, then wrought

My loues impression in *Hipolitoes* thought.

No, I must turne the chaste leaues of my brest,

And pick out some sweet meanes to breed my rest.

Hipolito, belecue me I will be

As true vnto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,

And

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The converted Courtizan.

And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Mathes, Castruchio, Fluella, and Pioratto.

Mat. You, goody Punck, *subandi* Cockatrice, O yare a sweet whore of your promise, are you not think you? how wel you came to supper to vs last night: mew, a whore & breake her word! nay you may blush, & hold downe your head at it wel ynough: Sfoot, aske these gallants if we staid not till we were as hungry as Seriants.

Flu. I, and their Yeoman too.

Cast. Nay fayth *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you forgot your selfe too much: we had excellēt cheere, rare vintage, and were drunke after supper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcocks (sweete Rogue) a brace of Gullies, dwelling here in the City, came in & payd all the shot. *Mat.* Pox on her, let her alone.

Bel. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:
I pray depart the house, beshrew the dore
For being so easily entreated: fayth,
I lent but little care vnto your talke,
My mind was busied otherwise in troth,
And so your words did vnregarded passe:
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was! no Ile be sworne thou art not: for thou wert honest at fife, & now th'art a Puncke at fiftene: thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now thart a cunning Conny-catching Baggage to day.

Bel. Ile say I me worse, I pray forsake me then,
I doe desire you leaue me, Gentlemen,
And leaue your selues: O be not what you are,
(Spend thrifts of soule and body)
Let me perswade you to forsake all Harlots,
Worse then the deadliest poisons, they are worse:
For o're their soules hangs an eternall curse,
In being slaue to slaues, their labours perish,
Th'are seldom blest with fruit; for e're it blossom,
Many a worme confounds it.
They haue no issue but foule vgly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graues:
For stead of children, they breed ranke diseases,

The conuerted Courtizan.

And all, you Gallants, can bestow on them;
Is that French Infant, which n'ere acts but speaks;
What shallow sonne & heire then, foolish gallat,
Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy loathd disease: and pawne his body
To a dry euill: that vsurie's worst of all,
When th'interest will eate out the principall.

Mat. Sfoot, she guls em the best: this is alwaies
her fashion, when she would be rid of any com-
pany that she cares not for, to inioy mine alone.

Flu. Whats here? instructions, Admonitions, and Caue-
ats? come out, you scabberd of vengeance.

Mat. *Fluello*, spurne your hounds when they fyfte, you
shall not spurne my Punk, I can tell you my bloud is vext.

Flu. Pox a your bloud: make it a quarrell,

Mat. Y'are a Slaue, will that serue turne?

Omn. Sbloud, hold, hold,

Cast. *Matheo*, *Fluello*, for shame put vp.

Mat. Spurne my sweet Varlet!

Bel. O how many thus
Mou'd with a little folly, haue let out
Their soules in Brothell houses, fell downe and dyed
Iust at their Harlots foot, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. *Matheo*, we shall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, sauing at Church: pray take heed,
we meet not there.

Flu. Aduce, Damnation.

Cast. Cockatrice, farewell.

Ps. There's more deceit in women, then in hel. *Exeunt.*

Mat. Ha, ha, thou doest gull em so rarely, so naturally: if
I did not think thou hadst bin in earnest: thou art a sweet
Rogue for't ifayth.

Bel. Why are not you gone to, Signior *Matheo*?
I pray depart my house: you may belecue me,
In troth I haue no part of Harlot in me.

Mat. How's this?

Bel. Indeed I loue you not: but hate you worse
Then any man, because you were the first

Gauel

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The converted Courtizan.

Gaue money for my soule; you brake the Ice,
Which after turnd a puddle: I was led
By your temptation to be miserable:
I pray seeke out some other that will fall,
Or rather (I pray) seeke out none at all.

Mat. Ist possible, to be impossible, an honest whore! I
have heard many honest wenches turne Strumpets with
a wet finger; but for a Harlot to turne honest, is one of *Her-*
cules labours: It was more easie for him in one night to
make fifty queanes, then to make one of them honest a-
gen in fifty yeeres: come, I hope thou doost but iest.

Bel. Tis time to leaue off iesting, I had almost
Iested away Saluation: I shall loue you,
If you will soone forsake me.

Mat. God buy thee.

Bel. Oh, tempt no more womē: shun their weighty curse,
Women (at best) are bad, make them not worse,
You gladly seeke our sexes ouerthrow:
But not to rayse our states for all your wrongs.
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence,
To marry with me?

Mat. How, marry with a Punck, a Cockatrice, a Har-
lot? mary foh, Ile be burnt thorow the nose first.

Bel. Why la? these are your othes: you loue to vndo vs,
To put heauen from vs, whilst our best houres waste:
You loue to make vs lewd, but neuer chaste.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this: this ground vpon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy Religion. *Exit.*

Bel. Thy lust and sin speake so much: go thou my ruine,
The first fall my soule tooke; by my example
I hope few maydens now will put their heads
Vnder mens girdels: who least trusts, is most wise:
Mens othes do cast a mist before our eyes,
My best of wit be ready: now I goe,
By some deuice to greet *Hipolito*.

The converted Courtizan.

SCENA 10.

*Enter a servant setting out a Table, on which he places
a scull, a picture, a booke and a Taper.*

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now must I to my
huswifry: would I had bin created a Shoemaker; for all the
gentle craft are gentlemen euery Monday by their Copy,
& scorne (then) to worke one true stitch. My M. means
sure to turne me into a student; for here's my booke, here
my deske, here my light; this my close chamber, and heere
my Punck: so that this dull drowzy first day of the weeke,
makes me halfe a Priest, halfe a Chandler, halfe a paynter,
halfe a Sexton, I & halfe a Bawd: for (all this day) my office
is to do nothing but keep the dore. To proue it, looke you,
this good-face & yonder gentleman (so loone as euer my
back's turnd) wil be naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windowes shut? *Ser.* Close sir, as the fist
of a Courtier that hath stood in three raignes.

Hip. Thou art a faythfull seruant, and obseru'st
The Calender, both of my solemne vowes,
And ceremonious sorrow: Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any womans voyce pierce through that dore.

Ser. If they do, my Lord, Ile pearce some of them,
What will your Lordship haue to breakfast?

Hip. Sighs. *Ser.* What to dinner? *Hip.* Teares.

Ser. The one of them, my Lord, will fill you too full of
wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?

Hip. That which (now) thou canst not get me, the con-
stancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then euer was
Ostend.

Hip. Prythee away.

Ser. Ile make away my selfe presently, which few Ser-
uants will doe for their Lords; but rather helpe to make
them away: Now to my dore-keeping, I hope to picke
something out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My Infelices face: her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheeke; and such sweet skill,

Hath

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CURTIZAN.

Hath from the cunning workmans pencill flowne,
 These lippes looke fresh and liuely as her owne
 Seeming to mooue and speake. Las! now I see,
 The reason why fond women loue to buy
 Adulterate complexion: here tis read,
 False coulours last after the true be dead.
 Of all the Roses grafted on her cheekes,
 Of all the graces dauncing in her eyes,
 Of all the Musick set vpon her tongue,
 Of all that was past womans excellence,
 In her white bosome, looke! a painted board,
 Circumscribes all: Earth can no blisse afford.
 Nothing of her, but this; this cannot speake.
 It has no lap for me to rest vpon,
 No lip worth tasting: here the wormes will feed,
 As in her coffin: hence then idle Art,
 True loue's best pictur'd in a true-loues heart.
 Here art thou drawne sweet maid, till this be dead,
 So that thou liu'st twice, twice art buried.
 Thou figure of my friend, lye there. Whats here?
 Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemies:
 Las! say it were: I need not feare him now.
 For all his braues, his contumelious breath,
 His frownes (the dagger-pointed) all his plots
 (Tho' nere so mischieuous) his Italian pilles,
 His quarrels, and (that common fence) his law,
 See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one.
 How cleane they're pickt away! to the bare bone!
 How mad are mortals then to reare great names
 On tops of swelling houses? or to weare out
 Their fingers ends (in durt) to scrape vp gould!
 Not caring so (that Sumpter-horse) the back
 Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what courses
 Yea rags most beggerly, they cloath the soules
 Yea (after all) their *Gay-nes* looks thus foule.
 What fooles are men to build a garish tombe,
 Onely to saue the carcasse whilst it rotes,
 To maintein't long in stincking, make good carion,

THE CONVERTED

But leaue no good deeds to preferue them sound,
For good deedes keepe men sweet, long aboue ground,
And must all come to this: fooles; wise, all hether,
Must all heads thus at last be laid together:
Draw me my picture then, thou graue neate workman,
After this fashion, not like this; these coulours
In time kissing but ayre, will be kist off,
But heres a fellow; that which he layes on,
Till doomes day, alters not complexion.
Death's the best Painter then: They that draw shapes,
And liue by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes,
They come but neere the life, and there they stay,
This fellow drawes life to: his Art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his servant

Ser. Heres a person would speake with you sir.

Hip. Hah!

Ser. A parson sir would speake with you.

Hip. Vicar?

Ser. Vicar? no sir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? of man or woman? lock the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, tis a male-varlet sure my Lord, for a womans tayler neare meafurd him.

Hip. Let him giue thee his message and be gone:

Ser. He sayes hees signior *Matheos* man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How dost thou know it?

Ser. Cause has nere a beard: tis his boy I thinke sir, who-soere paide for his nursing.

Hip. Send him and keepe the doore *Reades.*

Fata siliceat mihi,

Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem Zephyro leui vela.

Ide saile were I to choose, not in the Ocean,

Cedars.

65019
CVRTIZAN.

Cedars are shaken, when shrubs doe feele no bruize,

Enter Bellafronte like a Page.

How? from *Mathao*.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Hip. Art sick?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keepe off.

Bell. I do:

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooc.

Hip. This paper does speake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it speakes, and therefore writ

In hidden Character; to me instruction

My maister giues, And (lesse you please to stay

Till you both meet) I can the text display.

Hip. Doe so: read out.

Bell. I am already out:

Looke on my face, and read the strangest story!

Hip. What villaine, ho?

Enter his Seruant.

Ser. Call you my Lord?

Hip. Thou slaue, thou hast let in the diuell.

Ser. Lord blesse vs, where? hees not clouen my Lord that
I can see: besides the diuell goes more like a Gentleman
than a Page: good my Lord *Boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman, in mans shape,
And thou art dambd for't.

Ser. Not dambd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my Rapier, -- do not: I shall kill thee.
Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runnes vpon me thus: Slaue, thrust her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I shall neuer be able to thrust her hence
without helpe: come Mermaid you must to Sea agen.

Bell. Here me but speake, my words shall be all Musick:
Here me but speake,

Hip. Another beates the dore,
T'other Shee-diuell, looke,

Ser. Why then hell's broke loose.

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come on,

THE CONVERTED

One woman serues for mans damnation,
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate,
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That ere was entred in the court of heauen:
I was on meditations spottles wings,
Vpon my iourney thither; like a storme
Thou beatst my ripened cogitations,
flat to the ground: and like a theife doost stand,
To steale deuotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother; if thy hart,
Bee not all Marble, (or ift Marble be)
Let my teares soften it, to pittie me,
I doe beseech thee doe not thus with scorne,
Destroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suite, this fits thee not,
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot loue thee, nor I must not: See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties.

Bell. She's dead you told me, shele let fal her suite.

Hip. My vowes to her fled after her to heauen,
Were thine eyes cleere as mine, thou mightest behold her,
Watching vpon yon battlements of starres,
How I obserue them: should I breake my bond,
This bord would riue in twaine, these wooden lippes
Call me most periurde villaine let it suffice,
I ha set thee in the path; Ist not a signe,
I loue thee, when with one so most most deare,
Ile haue thee fellowes? All are fellowes there.

Bell. Be greater then a king, saue not a body,
But from eternall shipwracke keepe a soule,
If not, and that againe, sinnes path I tread,
The grieve be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Stay and take Phisicke for it, read this booke,
Aske counsell of this head whats to be done,
Hele strike it dead that tis damnation,
If you turne turke againe, oh doe it not,

6501a
CVRTIZAN.

The heauen cannot allure you to do well
From doing ill let hell fright you : and learne this,
The soule whose bosome lust did neuer touch,
Is Gods faire bride, and maidens soules are such :
The soule that leauing chastities white shore,
Swims in hot sensuall streames, is the diuels whore,
How now : who comes.

Enter his seruant.

Ser. No more knaues my Lord that weare smocks : heres
a letter from doctor *Benedict* ; I would not enter his man, tho
he had haire at his mouth, for feare he should be a woman, for
some women haue beardes, mary they are halfe witches,
Slid you are a sweete youth to weare a codpeece, and haue no
pinnes to stick vpon.

Hip. Ile meete the doctor, tell him, yet too night
I cannot : but at morrow rising Sunne
I will not faile : goe woman fare thee well.

Exeunt

Bel. The lowest fall can be but into hell,
It does not moue him. I must therefore flie,
From this vndoing Cittie, and with teares,
Wash off all anger from my fathers brow.
He cannot sure but ioy seeing me new borne,
A woman honest first and then turne whore,
Is (as with me) common to thousands more,
But from a strumpet to turne chaste : that sonnd,
Has oft bin heard, that woman hardly found,

Exit

I. I. SCE. Enter Fustigo, Crambo and Poh.

Fus. Hold vp your hands gentlemen : heres one, two, three,
(nay I warrant they are sound pistols, and without flawes, I
had them (of my sister, and I know she vses to put vp nothing
thats crakt,) three, foure, five, sixe, seauen, eight and nine, by
this hand bring me but a piece of his bloud. And you shall
haue 9 more. Ile luke in a tauerne not far off & prouide sup-
per to close vp the end of the Tragedy, the linnen drapers re-
mēber-stand toot I beseech you, & play your parts perfectly.

Cram. Looke you Signior, tis not your golde that we way.

Fust. Nay, nay, way it and spare not, if it lacke one graine of
Ile giue yoa a bushell of wheate to make it vp.

(come;

Cram. But by your fauour Signior, which of the seruants

THE CONVERTED

is it because weele punish iustly.

Fust. Marry tis the head man ; you shall tast him by his tongue a prety tall prating fellow, with a *Tuscalonian* beasd.

Po. Tuscalonian? very good.

Fust. Cods life I was neere so thrumbd since I was a gentleman : my coxcombe was dry beaten as if my haire had beene hemp.

Cram. Weele dry beate some of them.

Fust. Nay it grew so high, that my sister cryed murder out very manfully : I haue her consent in a manner to haue him pepperd, els ile not doot to win more then ten cheate's do at a rifling : breake but his pate or so . onely his mazer , because ile haue his head in a cloth aswell as mine , hees a linnen draper and may take enough . I could enter mine action of battery against him, but we may haps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but insconce your selfe i'th tauern; prouide no greate cheare, couple of Capons, some Phesantes, Plouers , an Oringeado·pie or so : but how bloody so ere the day be, sally you not forth.

Fust. No, no, nay if I stir, some body shal stinke: ile not budge: ile lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Well, well, to the tauerne, let not our supper be raw, for you shall haue blood enough-your belly full.

Fust. Thats all so god sa me, I thirst after, bloud for bloud, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head , plaster for plaster, and so farewell : what shall I call your names because ile leaue word, if any such come to the barre.

Cram. My name is Corporall *Crambo*.

Poh. And mine, Lieutenant *Poh*.

Exeunt.

Cram. *Poh* is as tall a man as euer opened Oyster : I would not be the diuell to meete *Poh*, farewell.

Fust: Nor I by this light, if *Poh* be such a *Poh*.

Exeunt.

*Enter Candidoes wife, in her shop, and the
two Prentises.*

Wife. Whats a clock now?

2. Pren. Tis almost twelue.

Wife.

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CVRTIZAN.

Wife. Thats well.
The Senate will leaue wording presently,
But is *George* ready.

2. Pre. Yes forsooth, hees furbusht.

Wife. Now as you euer hope to win my fauour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maister,
Let not your lookes betray it with a smile,
Or ieering glaunce to any customer,
Keepe a true settled countenance, and beware,
You laugh not whatsoeuer you heare or see.

2. Pren. I warrant you mistris, let vs alone for keeping our
countenance: for if I list, theres neuer a foole in all *Millan* shal
make me laugh, let him play the foole neuer so like an Ass, e,
whether it be the fat Court foole, or the leane Citty foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe *George*.

2. Pren. I heare him comming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, le me see,
How curtzy would become him: gallantly!
Besshrew my blood a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage walkes with a good port,

Geo. I thanke you mistris, my back's broad enough, now
my Maisters gown's on,

Wif. Sure I should thinke it were the least of sinne,
To mistake the maister, and to let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of errors thar yfaith.

2. Pren. Whist, whist, my maister.

Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wif. You all know your taskes: gods my life, whats that
hee has got vpon's backe? who can tell?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wif. Girt about him like a mad-man: what: has he lost
his cloake too; this is the maddest fashion that ere I sawe:
what said he *George* when he pasde by thee?

THE CONVERTED

Geo. Troth Mistris, nothing : not so much as a Bee , he did not hum : not so much as a bawd he did not hem : not so much as a Cuckhold he did not ha : neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely star'de me in the face, past along, and made hast in, as if my lookes had workt with him, to giue him a stoole.

Wi. Sure hees vext now, this trick has mou'd his speene.
Hees angred now, because he vttered nothing:
And wordlesse wrath breakes out more violent,
May be heele striue for place, when he comes downe,
But if thou lou'st me *George*, affoord him none.

Geo. Nay let me alone to play my maisters prize, as long as my Mistrisse warrants me : Ime sure I haue his best cloathes on, and I scorne to giue place to any that is inferiour in appa-
rell to me, thats an Axiom, a principle, & is obseru'd as much as the fashion ; let that perswade you then, that Ile shoulder with him for the vpper hand in the shop , as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wif. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister , tho with the tongue of a Prentise.

Enter Candido like a Prentise.

Why how now mad man ? what in your trickfcoates !

Cand. O peace good Mistrisse :

Enter Crambo and Poh.

See what you lack , what ist you buy ? pure Callicoes, fine Hollands, choise Cambrickes , neate Lawnes : see what you buy : pray come neere, my Maister will vse you well, hee can affoord you a pennyworth.

Wi. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne yfaith.

Cand. Pray see your choise here Gentlemen.

Wi. O fine foole ? what a mad-man ? a patient mad-man ? who euer heard of the like ? well fir Ile fit you and your humour presently : what ? crosse-points, Ile vntie em all in a trice, Ile vex you faith . Boy take your cloake, quick, comey *Exit.*

Cand. Be couered *George*, this chaine, and welked gowne,
Bare to this coate : then the worlds vpside downe.

Geo. Vmh, vnh, hum,

Cram. Thats the shop, and theres the fellow.

Poh. I but the Maister, is waiking in there.

Cram.

6501a
CARTIZAN

Cram. No matter, weele in.

Poh. Sbloud doest long to lye in Limbo?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, your choise: Cambricks?

Cramb. No sir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Haue you none of this strip'd Canuas for doublets.

Cand. None strip'd sir, but plaine.

2. Pren. I thinke there be one peece strip'd within.

Geo. Step sirra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, Ile make but one spreading, heres a peece of cloth. fine, yet shall weare like Yron, tis without fault, take this vpon my word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better than you sirra.

Cand. I, and a number more. O that each soule Were but as spotlesse as this Innocent white, And had as few brakes in it.

Cram. I would haue some then: there was a fray here last day in this shop.

Cand. There was indeed a little flea-biting.

Poh. A Gentleman had his pate broake, call you that but a flea-biting.

Cand. He had so.

Cram. Zownes do you stand in't. *He strikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot clubs, clubs, prentices, downe with em, ah you roagues, strike a Cittizen in's shop.

Cand. None of you sir I pray, forbear good George.

Cram. I beseech you sir, we mistooke our markes, deliuer vs our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds sir, crie clubes.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient, Giue them their weapons, sirs you're best be gone. I tell you here are boyes more tough then Beares: Hence. least more fists do walke about your cares.

Both. We thanke you sir. *Exeunt.*

Can. You shall not follow them.

Let them alone pray, this did me no harme, Troth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,

H

I thanke

THE CONVERTED

I thanke em for't : besides I had decreed
To haue a vaine prickt, I did meane to bleede,
So that theres mony sau'd : they are honest men,
Pray vse em well, when they appeare agen.

Geo. Yes sir, weele vse em like honest men.

Cand. I well said *George*, like honest men, tho they be ar-
rant knaues, for thats the phrase of the city ; help to lay vp
these wares

Enter Candido's wife, with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What in a Prentise-coate ?

Wif. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heed.

Cand. How now ? what newes with them ? what make they
with my wife ? officers ? is she attachd ? looke to your wares.

Wif. He talkes to himselfe, oh hees much gone indeed.

Off. Pray pluck vp a good heart, be not so fearfull,
Sirs hearken, weele gather to him by degrees.

Wi. I, I, by degrees I pray : oh me ! what makes he with
the Lawne in his hand, heele teare all the ware in my shop.

Off. Feare not weele catch him on a sudden.

Wi. O you had need do so, pray take heed of your warrant

Off. I warrant mistris. -- Now Signior *Candido* ?

Cand. Now sir, what newes with you sir ?

Wi. What newes with you he sayes : oh hees far gon.

Off. I pray feare nothing, lets alone with him,

Signior, you looke not like your selfe me thinkes,

(Steale you a tother side) y'are changde, y'are alfred.

Cand. Changde sir, why true sir, is change strange, tis not
the fashion vnlesse it alter : Monarkes turne to beggers ; beg-
gers creepe into the nests of Princes, Maisters serue their
prentises : Ladies their Seruingmen, men turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.

Cand. I, and women turne to men, you say true, ha ha, a
mad world, a mad world.

Off. Haue we caught you sir ?

Cand. Caught me : well, well : you haue caught me.

Wi. Hee laughs in your faces.

CYRTIZAN

Geo. A rescue Prentises, my maister's catch-pold.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or haue your legs gartered with Yrons, we haue from the Duke a warrant strong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Wi. La: he desires no rescue, las poore heart,
He talkes against himselfe.

Cand. Well, whats the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme,
Pray make sure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why, why?

Wi. Looke how his head goes! should he get but loose,
Oh twere as much as all our liues were worth.

Off. Feare not, wee le make all sure for our owne safetie!

Cand. Are you at leisure now? well, whats the matter?
Why do I enter into bonds thus? ha?

Off. Because y'are mad, put feare vpon your wife.

Wi. Oh I, I went in danger of my life, querey minute.

Cand. What? am I mad say you, and I not know it?

Off. That proues you mad, because you know it not.

Wif. Pray talke as little to him as you can,
You see hees too farre spent.

Cand. Bound with strong corde!
A Sisters thred yfaith had beene enough,

To lead me any where: Wife do you long?

You are mad too, or els you do me wrong.

Geo. But are you mad indeed Maister?

Cand. My Wife sayes so,

And what she sayes *George*, is all trueth you know:

And whether now? to *Bethlem Monastery*? -- ha! whether?

Off. Faith eene to the mad-mens pound.

Cand. A Gods name, still I feele my patience sound. *Exo.*

Geo. Come wee le see whether he goes; if the maister be mad, we are his seruants; and must follow his steps, wee le be mad caps too; Farewell mistriss, you shall haue vs all in *Bedlam*.

Exeunt.

Wi. I thinke, I ha fitted now, you and your clothes,
If this moue not his patience, nothing can,

THE CONVERTED

He sweare then I haue a saint, and not a man.

Exit.

13. SCE.

Enter Duke : Doctor, Fluello, Castruchio, Pioratto.

Duk. Giue vs a little leaue : Doctor your newes,

Doc. I sent for him my Lord : at last he came,
And did receiue all speech that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health :
My credit with him wrought it ; for, some men,
Swallow euen empty hookes, like fooles, that feare
No drowning where tis deepest, cause tis cleare :
In th'end we sat and eate : a health I dranke
To *Infelices* sweete departed soule,
(This traine I knew would take.)

Duk. Twas excellent.

Doc. He fell with such deuotion on his knees,
To pledge the same.

Duk. Fond superstitious foole ?

Doc. That had he beene inflam'd with zeale of prayer ;
He could not power't out with more reuerence :
About my necke he hung, wept on my cheek,
Kist it, and swore, he would adore my lippes,
Because they brought forth *Infelices* name.

Duk. Ha, ha, alack, alack.

Doc. The cup he lifts vp high, and thus he said,
Here noble maid : drinkes, and was poisoned.

Duk. And dyed ?

Doc. And dyed my Lord.

Duk. Thou in that word,
Hast peec'd mine aged houres out with more yeares,
Than thou hast taken from *Hipolito*,
A noble youth he was, but lesser branches
Hindring the greater growth, must be lopt off,
And feede the fier : Doctor w'are now all thine,
And vse vs so : be bold.

Doc. Thankes gracious Lord :
My honoured Lord :

Duke. Hmh.

Doc.

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CURTIZAN.

Doc. I doe beseech your grace to bury deepe,
This bloody act of mine.

Duk. Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor looke you toot : me it shall not moue,
Thei'r curs'de that ill doe, not that ill do loue,

Doc. You throw an angry forehead on my face,
But be you pleas'd, backward thus far to looke,
That for your good this euill I vndertooke,

Duk. I, I, we conster so:

Doc. And onely for your loue.

Duk. Confest : tis true.

Doc. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence : nor beleue
(As Princes haue quicke thoughts,) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can golde not doe?)
I may be hi'rde to worke the like on you,

Duk. Which to preuent--.

Doc. Tis from my hart as far.

Duk. No matter Doctor, cause ile feareles sleepe,
And that you shall stand cleare of that suspicion
I banish thee for euer from my court.

This principle is old but true as fate,
Kings may loue treason, but the traitor hate,

Exit.

Doc. Ist so? nay then Duke, your stale principle
With one as stale, the Doctor thus shall quit,
He fals himselfe that dig anothers pit,
How now : where is he? will he meete me:

Enter the Doctors man.

Doc. man, meete you fir? he might haue met with three
fencers in this time and haue receiued lesse hurt then by mee-
ting one Doctor of Phisicke: why fir has walkt vnder the old
Abbey wall yonder this houre, till hees more colde then a
Citizens country house in Ianuere, you may smell him be-
hinde fir; la you: yonder he comes.

Doc. Icaue me.

Enter Hipolito.

Doc. man, Ist lurch if you will.

Exit.

Doc. O my most noble friend.

THE CONVERTED

Hip. Few but your selfe,
Could haue inticed me thus, to trust the Aire,
With my close sighes, you send for me : what newes?

Doc. Come you must doff this blacke : die that pale cheeke,
Into his owne colour ; goe : Attire your selfe
Fresh as a bridegroom, when he meetes his bride,
The Duke has done much treason to thy loue,
Tis now reuealed, tis now to be reuengde,
Be mery honord friend, thy Lady liues.

Hip. What Lady?

Doc. *Infelice*, Shees reuiude;
Reuiude : alacke ! death neuer had the hart,
To take breath from her.

Hip. Vmh : I thanke you sir,
Phisicke prolongs life, when it cannot saue,
This helpes not my hopes, mine are in their graues:
You doe some wrong to mocke me.

Doc. By that loue,
Which I haue euer borne you, what I speake
Is trueth : the maiden liues : that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning, was all counterfet,
A sleepe draught cozend the world and you,
I was his minister and then chambred vp,
To stop discouery.

Hip. O trecherous Duke :

Doc. He cannot hope so certainly for blisse:
As he beleeueth that I haue poysond you,
He woode me root, I yeelded, and confirm'd him,
In his most bloody thoughts.

Hip. A very deuill !

Doc. Her did he closely coach to *Bergamo*,
And thither —————

Hip. Will I ride, stood *Bergamo*,
In the low countries of blacke hell, ile to her.

Doc. You shall to her, but not to *Bergamo*.
How passion makes you fly beyond your selfe.
Much of that weary iourney I ha cut off,
For she by letters hath intelligence,

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CURTIZAN.

Of your supposed death, her owne interment,
And all those plots, which that false Duke, (her father)
Has wrought against you : And sheele meete you.

Hip. O when:

Doc. Nay see : how couetous are your desires,
Earely to morrow morne.

Hip. O where good father.

Doc. At *Bethlem* monasterie : are you pleas'd now ?

Hip. At *Bethlem* monasterie : the place well fits,
It is the scoole where those that loose their wits,
Practise againe to get them : I am sicke
Of that disease, all loue is lunaticke.

Doc. Weele steale away (this night) in some disguise,
Father *Anselmo*, a most reuerend Frier,
Expects our comming, before whom weele lay,
Reasons so strong, that he shall yeeld, in bands,
Of holy wedlocke, to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happinesse:
That to belecue it, tis impossible.

Doc. Let all your ioyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reueale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am so well acquainted with despaire,
I know not how to hope : I belecue all.

Doc. Weele hence this night, much must be done, much
But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes, (said
Your Lady shall ere morning fill these armes.

Hip. heauenly Phisition : far thy fame shall spred,
That mak'st two louers speake when they be dead.

Exeunt.

*Candido's wife, and George : Pioratto
meetes them.*

(comes.

Wi. O watch good *George*, watch which way the Duke

Geo. Here comes one of the butter flies, aske him.

Wi. Pray sir, comes the duke this way.

Pio. He's vpon comming mistris.

Exit.

Wi. I thanke you sir : *George* are there many madfolkes,
where thy Maister lies.

THE CONVERTED

Geo. O yes, of all countries some, but especially mad greekes they swarme: troth mistris, the world is altered with you, you had not went to stand thus with a paper humbly complaining: but you're well enough seru'd: prouander prickt you, as it does many of our Citty-wiues besides.

Wif. Dost thinke *George* we shall get him forth.

Geo. Truly mistris I cannot tel, I thinke youle hardly get him forth: why tis strange! Sfoot I haue known many womē that haue had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would be-labour by all meanes possible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame mā into a madman, why the diuell himselte was neuer vsde so by his dam.

Wif. How does he talke *George*! ha! good *George* tell me.

Geo. Why youre best go see.

Wif. Alas I am afraid.

Geo. Afraid! you had more need be ashamd: he may rather be afraid of you,

Wif. But *George* hees not starke mad, is hee? hee does not raue, hees not horne-mad *George* is he?

Geo. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Iustice of peace, of a thousand matters and to no purpose.

Wif. Ile to the monastery: I shall be mad till I inioy him, I shalbe sick till I see him, yet when I doe see him, I shall weepe out mine eyes.

Geo. I ide faine see a woman weepe out her eyes; thats as true, as to say, a mans cloake burnes; when it hangs in the water: I know youle weepe mistrisse: but what saies the painted cloth. *Trust not a woman when she cries.*

For sheele pump water from her eyes.

With a wet finger, and in faster showers,

Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wif. I but *George*, that painted cloath is worthy to be hangd vp for lying, all women haue not teares at will, vnlesse they haue good cause.

Geo. I but mistrisse how easily will they find a cause, and as one of our Cheese-trenchers sayes very learnedly:

As out of Wormwood Bees suck Hony,

As from poore clients Lawyers firke mony,

As

80 6501a
C V R T I Z A N !

*As Parsley from a roasted cunny.
So tho the day be nere so sunny,
If wines will haue it raine, downe then it driues,
The calmest husbands make the stormest wines.*

Wif. Tame George, but I ha don storming now.

Geo. Why thats well done, good mistris throw aside this fashion of your humor, be not so phantastical in wearing it, storme no more, long no more. - This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might haue had from my Maister : Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinere.

Wife. Oh I beseech you pardon my offence,
In that I durst abuse your Graces warrant,
Deliuier forth my husband good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido my Lord. *Duke.* Where is he?

Wife. Hees among the lunaticks,
He was a man made vp without a gall,
Nothing could moue him, nothing could conuert
His meeke blood into fury, yet like a monster,
I often beat at the most constant rock
Of his vnshaken patience, and did long
To vex him. *Duke.* Did you so?

Wife. And for that purpose,
Had warrant from your Grace, to cary him
To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not free him,
Without your Graces hand that sent him in.

Duke. You haue longd fayre ; tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence, and keepe you there :
If he be mad, why would you haue him forth?

Geo. And please your grace, hees not starke mad, but one-
ly talkes like a young Gentleman, somewhat phantastically,
thats all : theres a thousand about your court , citty and
countrie, madder then he.

Duke. Prouide a warrant, you shall haue our hand.

Geo. Heres a warrant ready drawne my Lord.

Cast. Get pen & inck, get pen & inck: *Enter Castruchio.*

Cast. Where is my Lord the Duke?

Duke. How now? more mad men.

THE CONVERTED

Cast. I haue strange newes my Lord.

Duk. Of what? of whom?

Cast. Of *Infelice*, and a mariage.

Du. Ha! where? with whom.

Cast. *Hipolito*. *Geo.* Here my Lord.

Du. Hence with that woman, voyd the roome.

Flu. Away, the Duke's vexr.

Geo. Whoop, come mistris the Duke's mad too. *Exeunt.*

Du. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead?

Cast. He that can make any man dead, the Doctor: but my Lord, hees as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quick: *Hipolito*, the Doctor, and one more rid hence this euening; the Inne at which they light is *Bethlem Monasterie*: *Infeliche* comes from *Bergamo*, and meetes them there: *Hipolito* is mad, for he meanes this day to be maryed, the after-noonne is the houre, and Frier *Anselmo* is the knitter.

Du. From *Bergamo*? ist possible? it cannot be, It cannot be.

Cast. I will not sweare my Lord,
Bur this intelligence I rocke from one,
Whose braines workes in the plot.

Du. Whats he? *Cast.* *Matheo*.

Flu. *Matheo* knowes all. *Pio.* Hees *Hipolitoes* besome.

Duke. How farre stands *Bethlems* hence?

Omn. Six or seauen miles.

Duke. Ist euen so, not married till the afternoone you say?
Stay, stay, lets worke out some preuention: how:

This is most strange, can none but mad-men serue

To dresse their wedding dinner? All of you,

Get presently to horse; disguise your selues

Like Countrie-Gentlemen,

Or riding citizens, or so: and take

Each man a seuerall path, but let vs meete,

At *Bethlem Monasterie*, some space of time

Being spent betweene the arriual each of other,

As if we came to see the Lunaticks.

To horie, away, be secret on your liues,

Loue must be punisht that vniustly thriues. *Exeunt.*

Flu. Be secret on your liues! *Castruchio*

CVRTIZAN.

Y'are but a scuruy Spaniell ; honest Lord,
Good Lady : Zounds their loue is iust, tis good,
And Ile preuent you, tho I swim in bloud. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anselmo, Hipolito, Mathao, Infeliche.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolute good father, or deny.

Ans. You presse me to an act, both full of danger,
And full of happinesse, for I behold.

Your fathers frownes, his threats, nay perhaps death,
To him that dare doe this, yet noble Lord,
Such comfortable beames breake through these clowdes,
By this blest manage, that your honord word
Being pawnd in my defence) I will tie fast,
The holy wedding Knot. *Hip.* Tush feare not the Duke.

Ans. O sonne, wisely to feare: Is to be free from feare.

Hip. You haue our words, and you shall haue our liues,
To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Ma. I, I, chop em vp and away.

Ans. Stay, when ist fit for me, safest for you,
To entertaine this busines.

Hip. Not till the euening.

Ans. Be't so, there is a chappell stands hard by,
Vpon the West end of the Abbey wall,
Thether conuay your selues, and when the sunne
Hath turnd his back vpon this vpper world,
Ile mary you, that done, no thndring voice,
Can breake the sacred bond, yet Lady here you are most safe.

Infel. Father your lou's most deere.

Mat. I well said locke vs into some little roome by our
selues that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good *Mathao* no, lets make no noise.

Mat. How ! no noise ! do you know where you are: sfoot
amongst all the mad-caps in *Millan*: so that to throw the house
out at window will be the better, & no man will suspect that
we lurke here to steale mutton: the more sober we are, the
more scuruy tis. And tho the Frier tell vs, that heere we are
safest, i' me not of his minde, for if those lay here that had lost
there mony, none would euer looke after them, but heere are
none but those that haue lost their wits, o that if hue and cry
be made, hether theile come, and my reason is, because none

THE CONEVERTED

goes to be married till he be starke mad.

Hsp. Muffle your selues yonders *Fluello*. *Enter Fluello.*

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord these cloakes are not for this raine, the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why whats the matter.

Flu. Whats the matter! you haue matterd it faire: the

Omn. The Duke? (Duk's at hand.)

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots,
Are turnd vpon our heads; and we are blowne vp:
With our owne vnderminings. Sfoot how comes he,
What villaine durst betray our being here.

Flu: *Castruchio*, *Castruchio* tolde the Duke, and *Matheo* here told *Castruchio*.

Hip. Would you betray me to *Castruchio*,

Ma. Sfoot he dambd himselfe to the pit of hell if he spake
Hip. So did you sweare to me, so were you dambd. (ont agen.)

Mat. Pox on em, & there be no faith in men, if a man shall not beleue oathes: he tooke bread and salt by this light, that he would neuer open his lips. *Hip.* Oh God, oh God.

Ans. Sonne be not desperate,
Haue patience, you shall trip your enemy downe:
By his owne sleights, how far is the Duke hence.

Flu. Hees but new set out: *Castruchio*, *Pioratto* and *Sinezzi* come along with him: you haue time enough yet to prenent them if you haue but courage.

Ans. You shall steale secretly into the Chappell,
And presently be married, if the Duke
Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,
You shall scape hence like Friers.

Hip. O blest disguise: O happy man.

Ans. Talke not of happinesse till your closde hand,
Haue her bith'orhead, like the locke of time,
Be not to slow, nor hasty, now you clime,
Vp to the towre of blisse, onely be wary
And patient, thats all, if you like my plot
Build and dispatch, if not, farewell, then not,

65019
CYRTIZAN.

Hip. O Yes, we doe applaud it, weele dispute
No longer, but will hence and execure.
Fluello youle stay here, let vs be gon,
The ground that frighted louers tread vpon,
Is stucke with thornes.

Ans. Come then, away : tis meete,
To escape those thornes, to put on winged feete. *Exeunt.*

Mat. No words I pray *Fluello*, for it stands vs vpon.

Flu. Oh sir, let that be your lesson.
Alas poore louers, on what hopes and feares,
Men toss themselves for women, when shees got
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

*Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto and
Sinezi from seuerall doores muffled.*

Duk. Whose there! *Cast.* My Lord.

Duk. Peace, send that Lord away,
A Lordship will spoile all, lets be all fellowses.
Whats he. *Cast.* *Fluello*, or els *Sinezi* by his little legs.

Omn. All friends, all friends.

Duk. What! met vpon the very point of time,
Is this the place. *Pio.* This is the place my Lord. (pray,

Duk. Dreame you on Lordships! come no more Lordes:
You haue not seene these louers yet. *Omn.* Not yet.

Duk. *Castruchio* art thou sure this wedding seate,
Is not till afternoone?

Cast. So tis giuen out my Lord.

Duk. Nay, nay, tis like, theeues must obserue their houres,
Louers watch minuts like Astronomers,
How shall the *Interim* houres by vs be spent.

Flu. Lets all goe see the mad-men.

Omn. Mas content.

Enter Towne like a sweeper.

Duk. Oh here comes one, question him, question him.

Flu. How now honest fellow dost thou belong to the house.

Tom. Yes forsooth, I am one of the implements; I swepe the
madmens roomes, and fetch straw for em, and buy chaines
to tie em, & rods to whip em, I was a mad wag my selfe here
once, but I thanke father *Anselm* he lasht me into my right

Duk. *Anselmo* is the Frier must marry them (minde agen.
Question him where he is.

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THE CONVERTED

Cast. And where is father *Anselmo* now?

Tow. Mary hees gon but eene now.

Duk. I well done, tell me, whether is he gone?

Tow. Why to God a mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow is a foole, talkes idlie.

Pio. Sirra are all the mad folkes in *Millan* brought hither?

Tow. How all, theres a wise question indeede: why if al the mad folkes in *Millan* should come hither, there would not be left ten men in the Citty.

Duk. Few gentlemen or Courtiers here, ha.

Tow. Oh yes? abundance, abundance, lands no sooner fall into their hands, but straight they runne out a their wits: Cittizē sons & heires are free of the house by their fathers copy: Farmers sons come hither like geese (in flocks) & when they ha sould all their corne fields, here they sit & picke the straws.

Sin. Me thinks you should haue women here aswel as men.

Tow. Oh, I: a plague on em, theres no ho with them, they are madder then march haire.

Flu. Are there no lawyers here amongst you?

Tow. Oh no, not one: neuer any lawyer, we dare not let a lawyer come in, for heele make em mad faster than we can recouer em.

Duk. And how long ist er'e you recouer any of these.

Tow. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into em, an Aldermans sonne will be mad a great while avery great while, especially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen: a puritane ther's no hope of him, vnlesse he may pull downe the steeple and hang himselfe it'h bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceiue all sorts of fish come to your net.

Tow. Yes intruth, we haue blockes for all heads, we haue good store of wilde oares here: for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is madde at the Country man, the shoemaker is mad at the cobbler, the cobbler at the carman, the punke is mad that the Marchants wife is no whore, the Marchants wife is mad that the puncke is so common a whore: gods so, heres father *Anselm*, pray say nothing that I tel tales out of the schoole.

Exit.

On. God blesse you father.

Enter Anselmo.

Boat. with K 2

It will be his father

(read) both

We add Tom Lewis

Whitney

This is the first ed. of D's letter

It is with a large title

2 u.

(It is 1603)

Let